



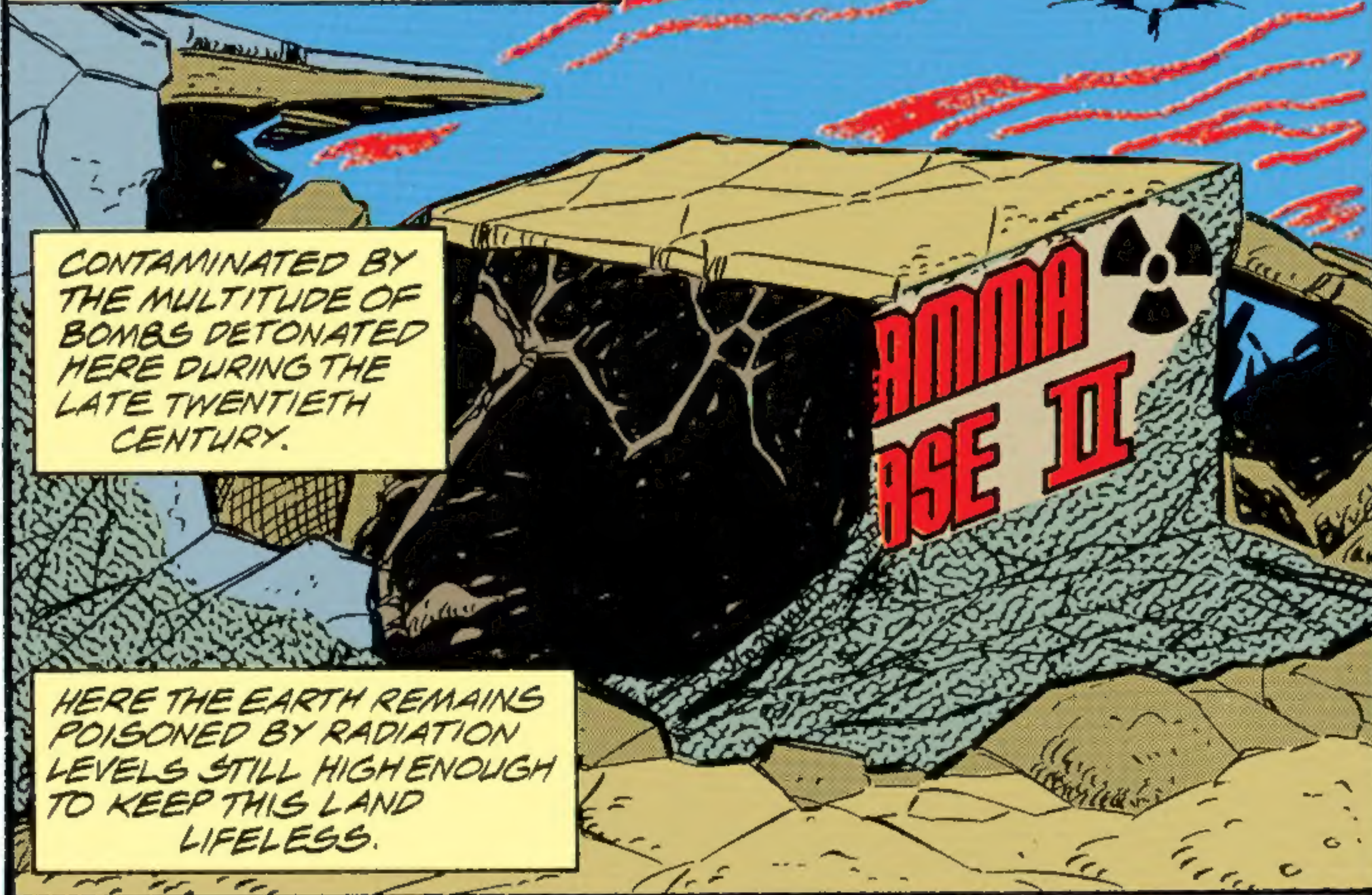
INTRODUCING THE **THEATRE OF PAIN™**

\$1.25 US
\$1.60 CAN
4
JAN
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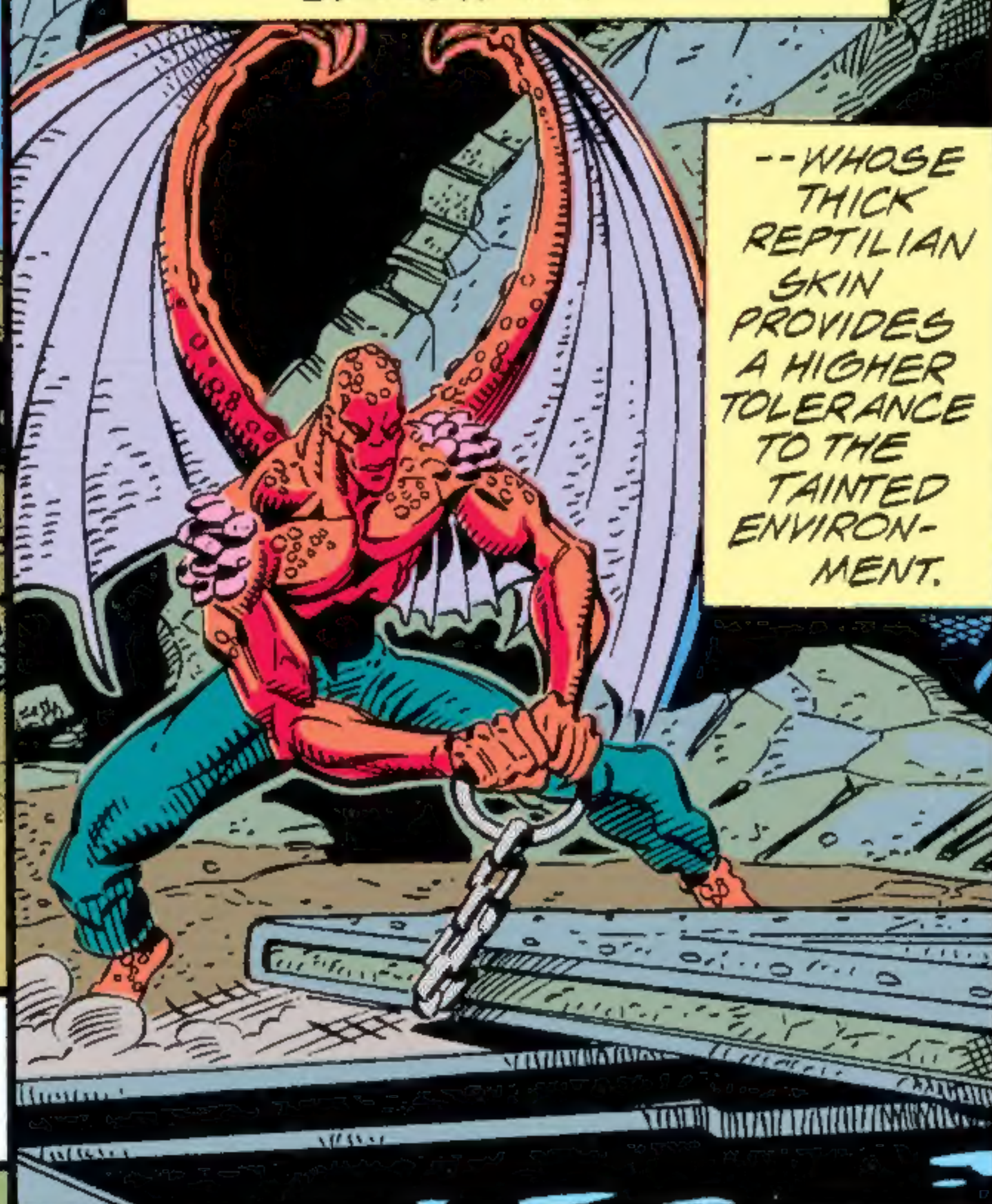
HERE THE NEW MEXICO DESERT IS A WASTELAND--



CONTAMINATED BY THE MULTITUDE OF BOMBS DETONATED HERE DURING THE LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

HERE THE EARTH REMAINS POISONED BY RADIATION LEVELS STILL HIGH ENOUGH TO KEEP THIS LAND LIFELESS.

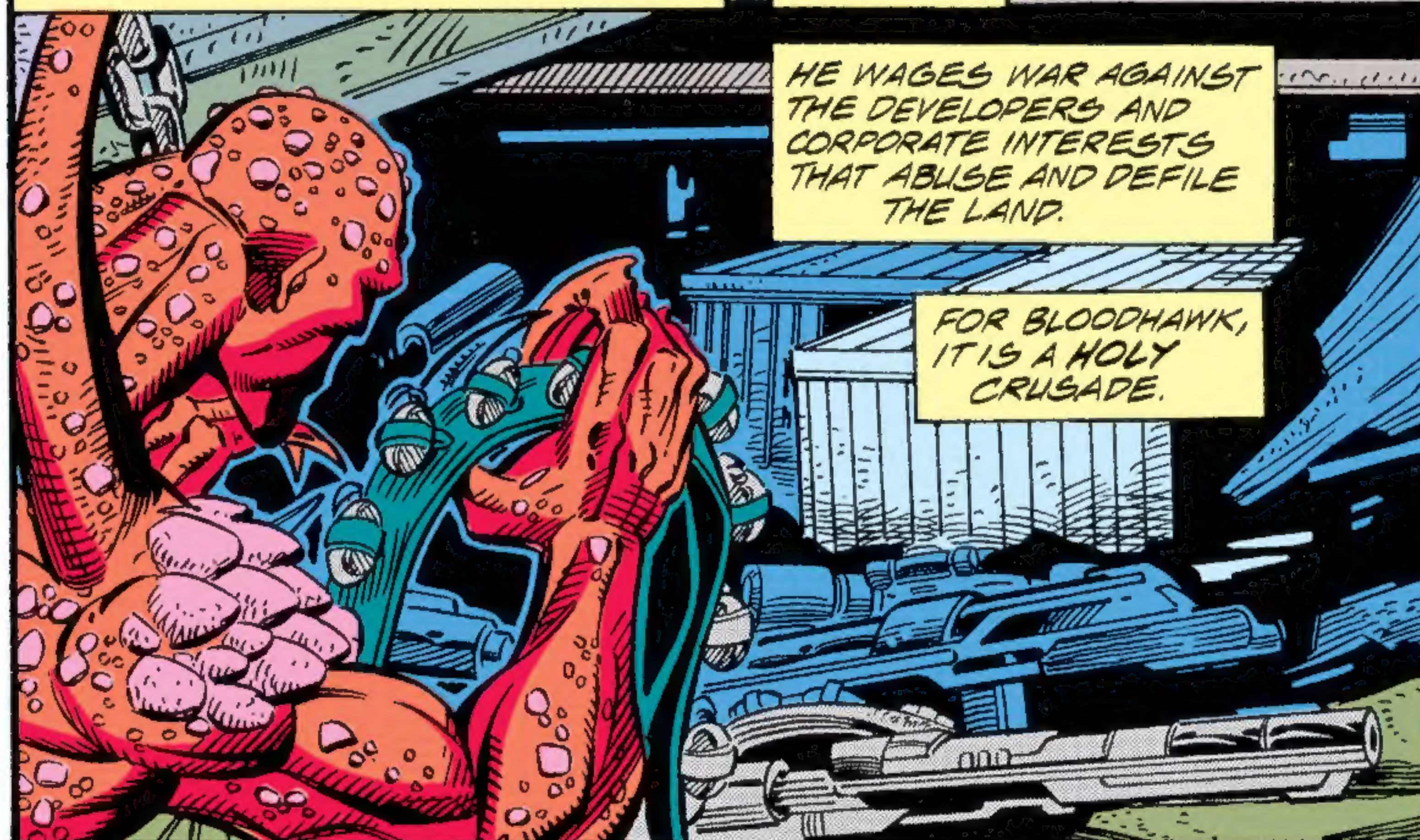
HERE NO MAN DARES VENTURE, SAVE THE MUTANT NAMED BLOODHAWK--



--WHOSE THICK REPTILIAN SKIN PROVIDES A HIGHER TOLERANCE TO THE TAINTED ENVIRONMENT.

SOME BELIEVE HIM TO BE A GUARDIAN OF THE LAND--OTHERS CALL HIM AN ECO-TERRORIST.

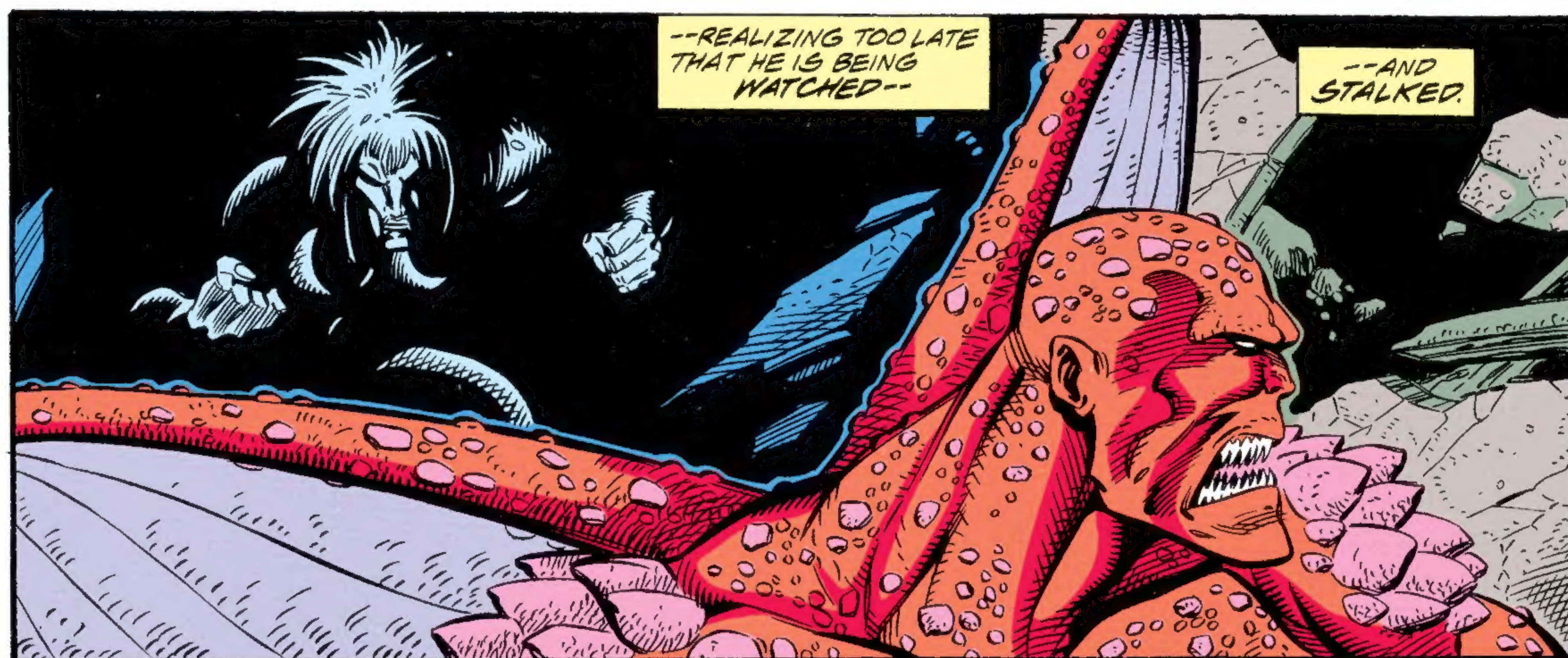
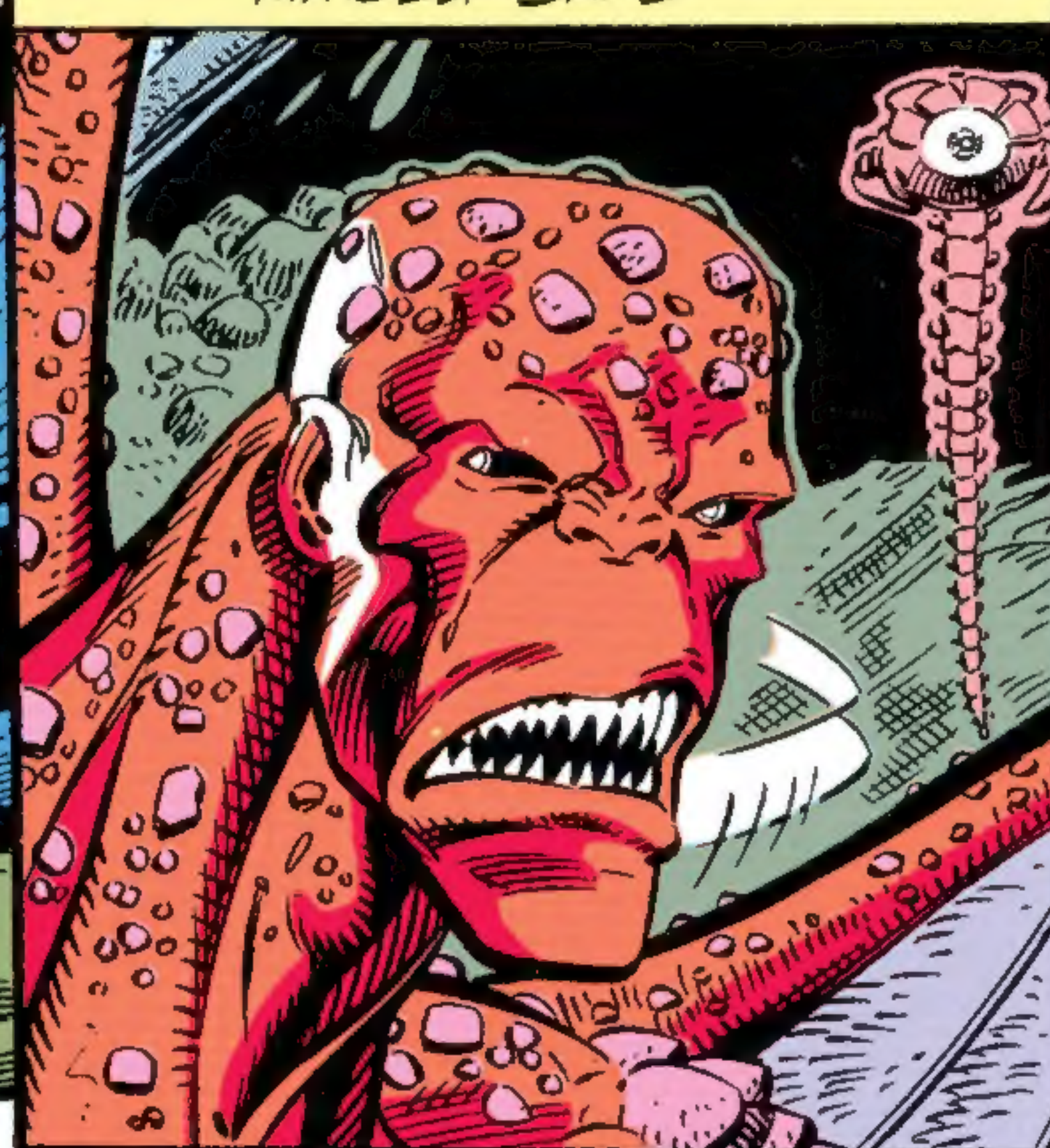
BOTH ARE CORRECT.



HE WAGES WAR AGAINST THE DEVELOPERS AND CORPORATE INTERESTS THAT ABUSE AND DEFILE THE LAND.

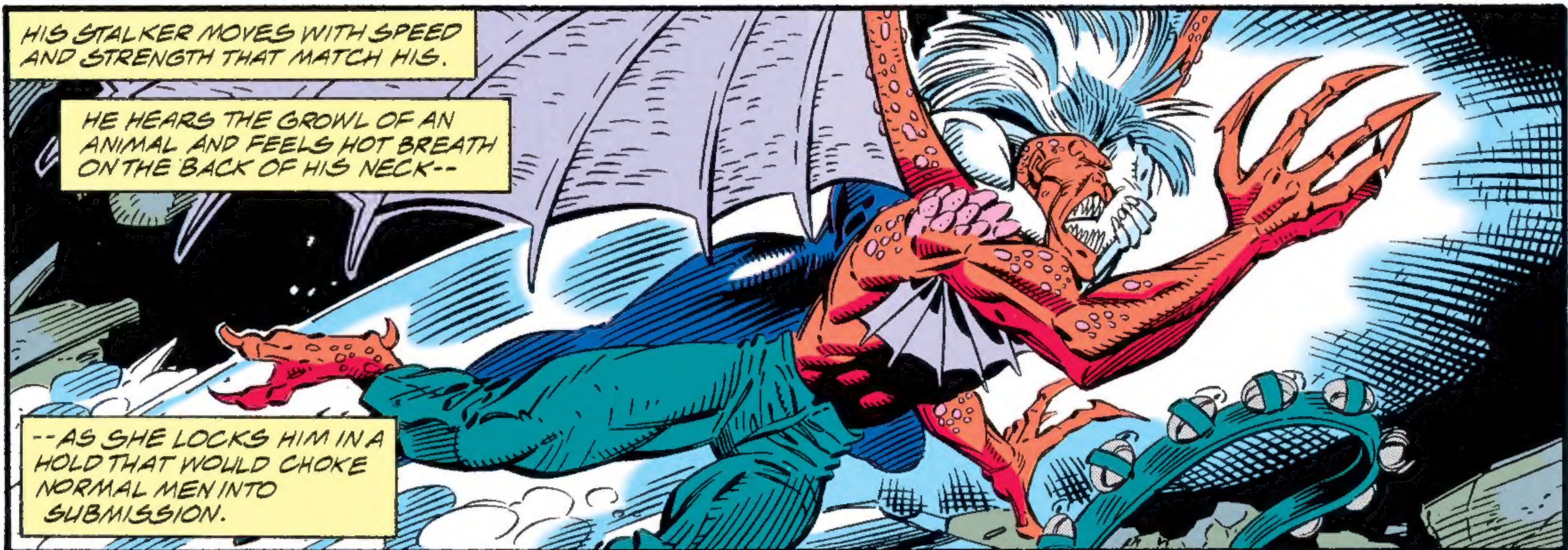
FOR BLOODHAWK, IT IS A HOLY CRUSADE.

IN THIS ABANDONED BOMB SHELTER, HE LETS DOWN HIS GUARD, THINKING HIMSELF SAFE--



--REALIZING TOO LATE THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED--

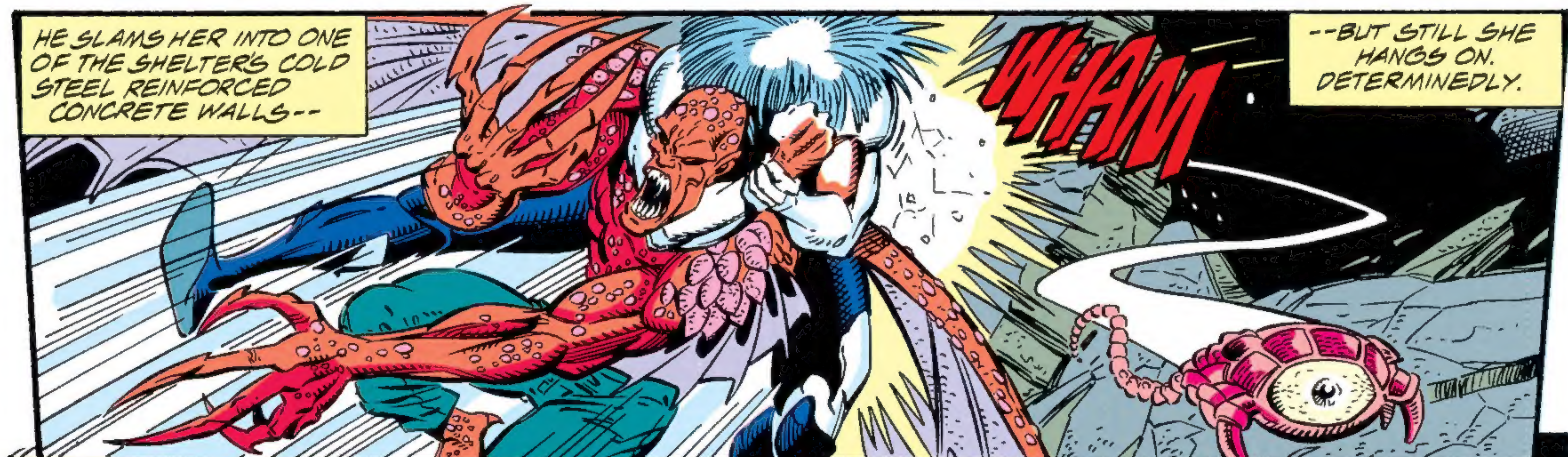
--AND STALKED.



HIS STALKER MOVES WITH SPEED AND STRENGTH THAT MATCH HIS.

HE HEARS THE GROWL OF AN ANIMAL AND FEELS HOT BREATH ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK--

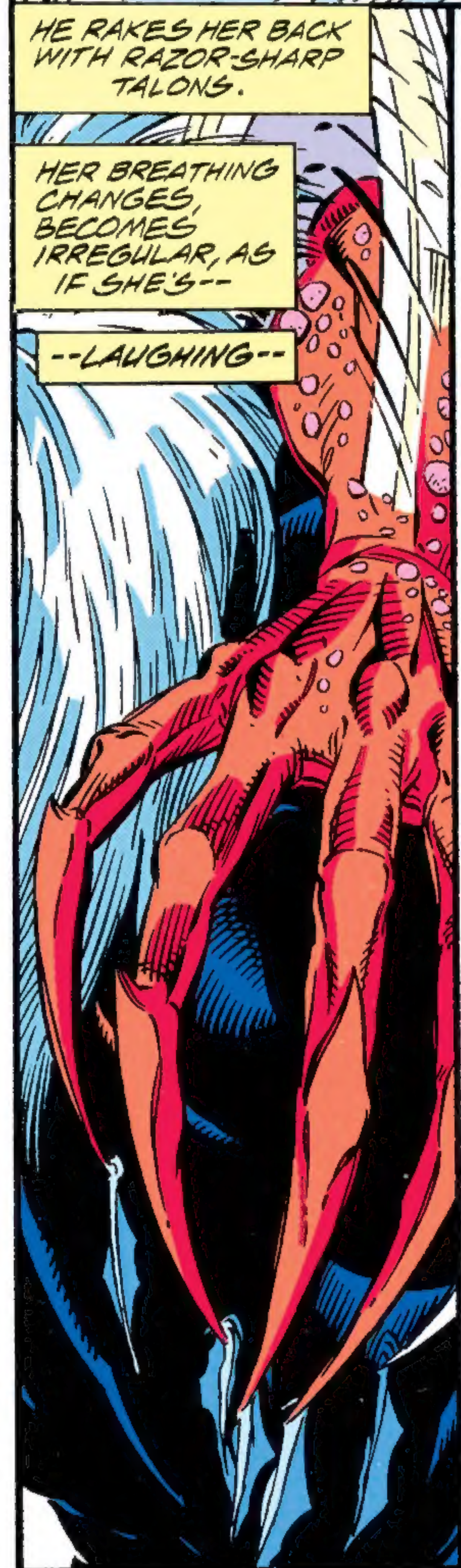
--AS SHE LOCKS HIM IN A HOLD THAT WOULD CHOKE NORMAL MEN INTO SUBMISSION.



HE SLAMS HER INTO ONE OF THE SHELTER'S COLD STEEL REINFORCED CONCRETE WALLS--

WHAM

--BUT STILL SHE HANGS ON. DETERMINEDLY.



HE RAKES HER BACK WITH RAZOR-SHARP TALONS.

HER BREATHING CHANGES, BECOMES IRREGULAR, AS IF SHE'S--

--LAUGHING--

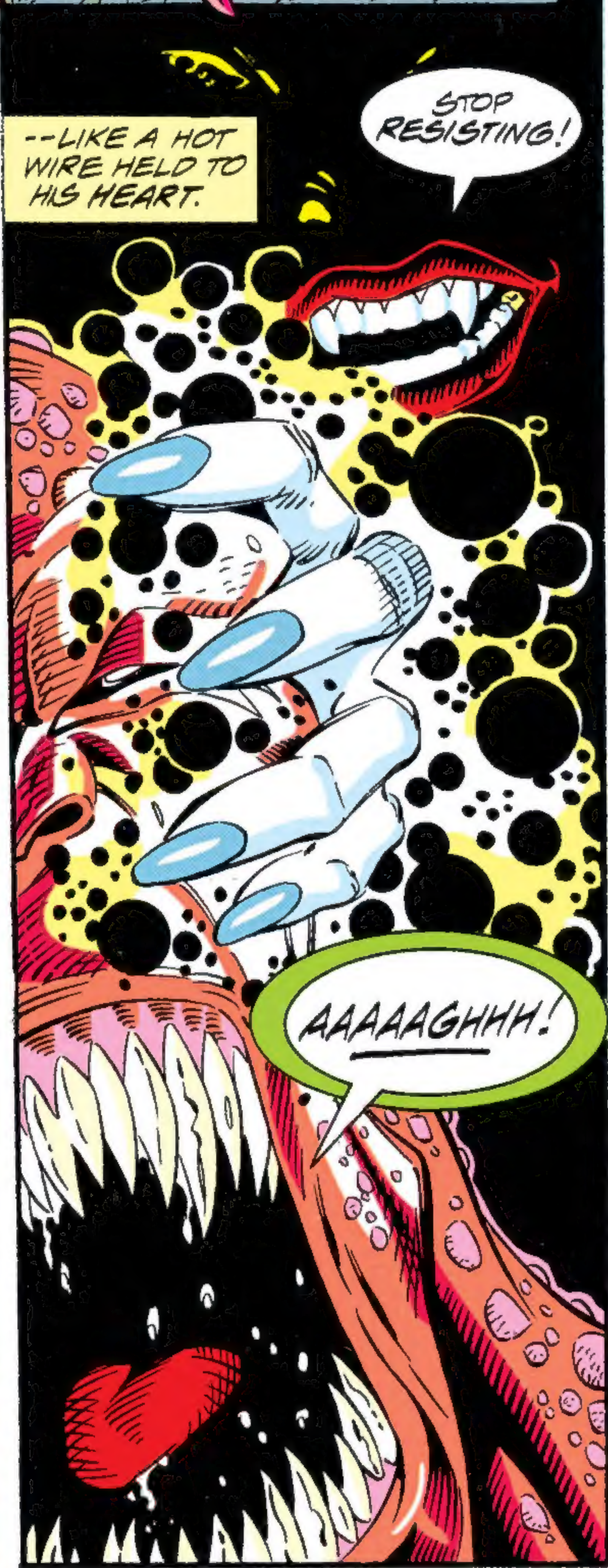


ENOUGH PLAY, DARLIN'--

--TIME TO GET SERIOUS.

NOOOO...

HER TOUCH TRIGGERS A BOLT OF AGONY--



--LIKE A HOT WIRE HELD TO HIS HEART.

STOP RESISTING!

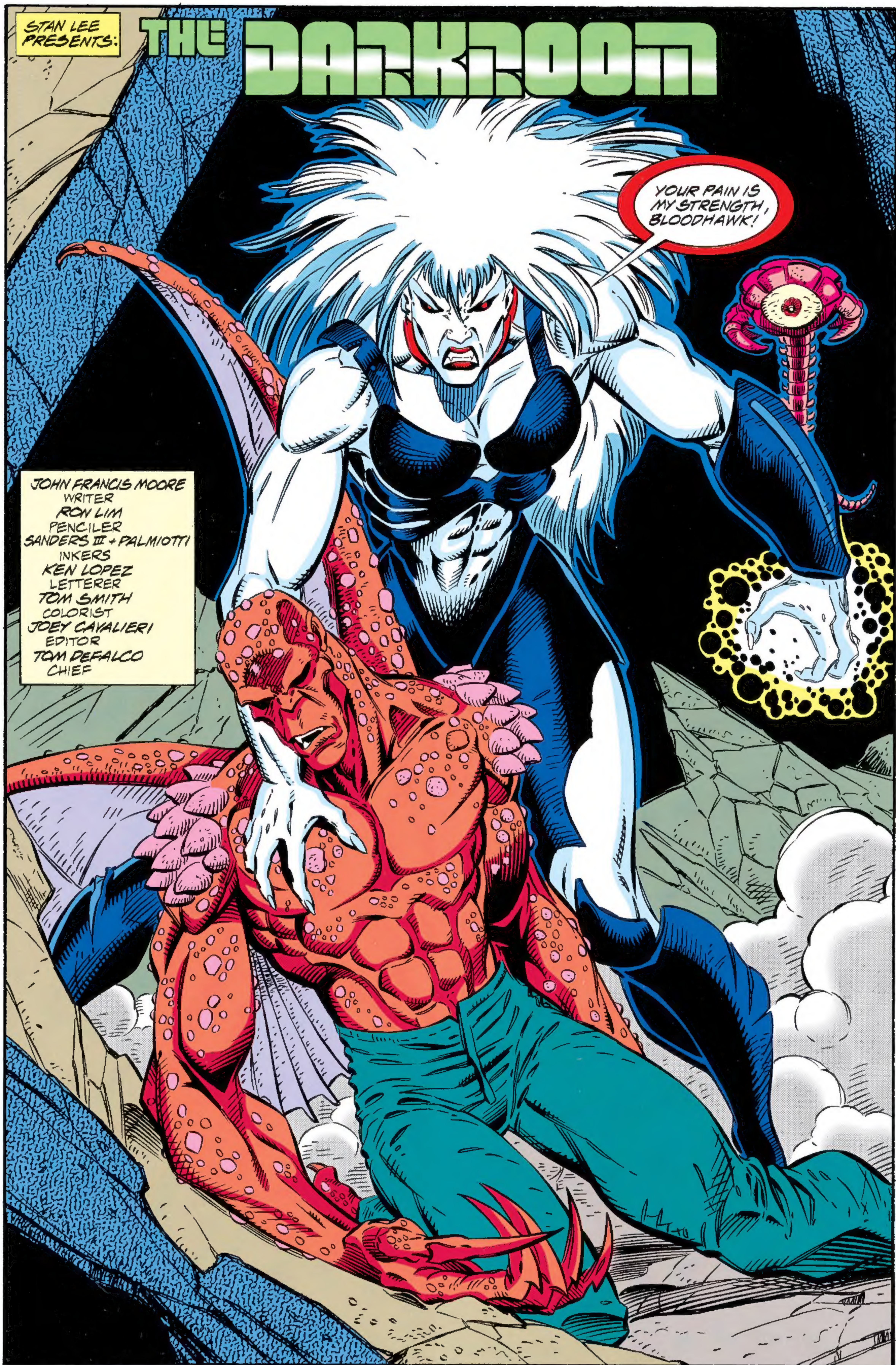
AAAAAGHHH!

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

THE DARKROOM

YOUR PAIN IS
MY STRENGTH,
BLOODHAWK!

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
WRITER
RON LIM
PENCILER
SANDERS III + PALMIOTTI
INKERS
KEN LOPEZ
LETTERER
TOM SMITH
COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI
EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO
CHIEF



THE NUEVO SOL
ARCOLOGY,
NEVADA.

WE SALVAGED
ABOUT A
QUARTER OF
THE EQUIPMENT,
XI'AN.

SYNGE'S
ENFORCERS
TRASHED THE
REST WHEN THEY
RAIDED THE
GATHERING.

WE RESCUED A
FEW HARD DRIVES,
SOME SECURITY
SCANNERS, AND
ALMOST ALL OUR
FOOD RESERVES.
OUR WEAPONS CACHE
IS HISTORY.

WE HAVE MONTHS OF WORK
AHEAD TO RESTORE THE ARCOLOGY.

NO. THE TIME FOR
GATHERINGS IS
PAST, SHAKTI.

OTHERS WILL CULTURE
THE SEEDS OF SELF-
RELIANCE I HAVE SOWN
HERE IN NUEVO SOL.

OUR PATH
NOW LIES
ON THE
ROAD.

WITH
TIMOTHY HERE,
WE ARE READY
TO BEGIN THE
SEARCH.

X-MEN 2099 #1.
-- JOEY

I DUNNO,
IT FEELS
WEIRD.

IT'S BEEN
A LONG TIME
SINCE I'VE
WORN ANYTHING
CLEAN--

--LET ALONE
MADE OF
UNSTABLE
MOLECULES.

LET
THIS MARK THE BEGIN-
NING OF A NEW CHAPTER
IN YOUR LIFE. YOU'RE NO
LONGER ALONE.

LOOKIN'
GOOD,
FITZ.

AND YOUR
OLD CLOTHES
WERE PRETTY
RANK.

A NECESSITY.
ANY RELEASE OF
YOUR MUTANT
ENERGY WOULD
DESTROY NORMAL
FABRIC.



I STILL SENSE DOUBT, TIMOTHY.

I KEEP THINKING ABOUT TINA. SHE BELIEVED IN YOU. MADE ME BELIEVE IN YOU.

AND SHE DIED.

NOT A VERY GLORIOUS START TO YOUR DREAM OF A NEW WORLD.



TINA UNDERSTOOD THE DANGER, AND HER CHOICE WAS MADE FREELY--

I HAVE BEEN GIVEN ONE HAND THAT DESTROYS AND ANOTHER THAT HEALS--

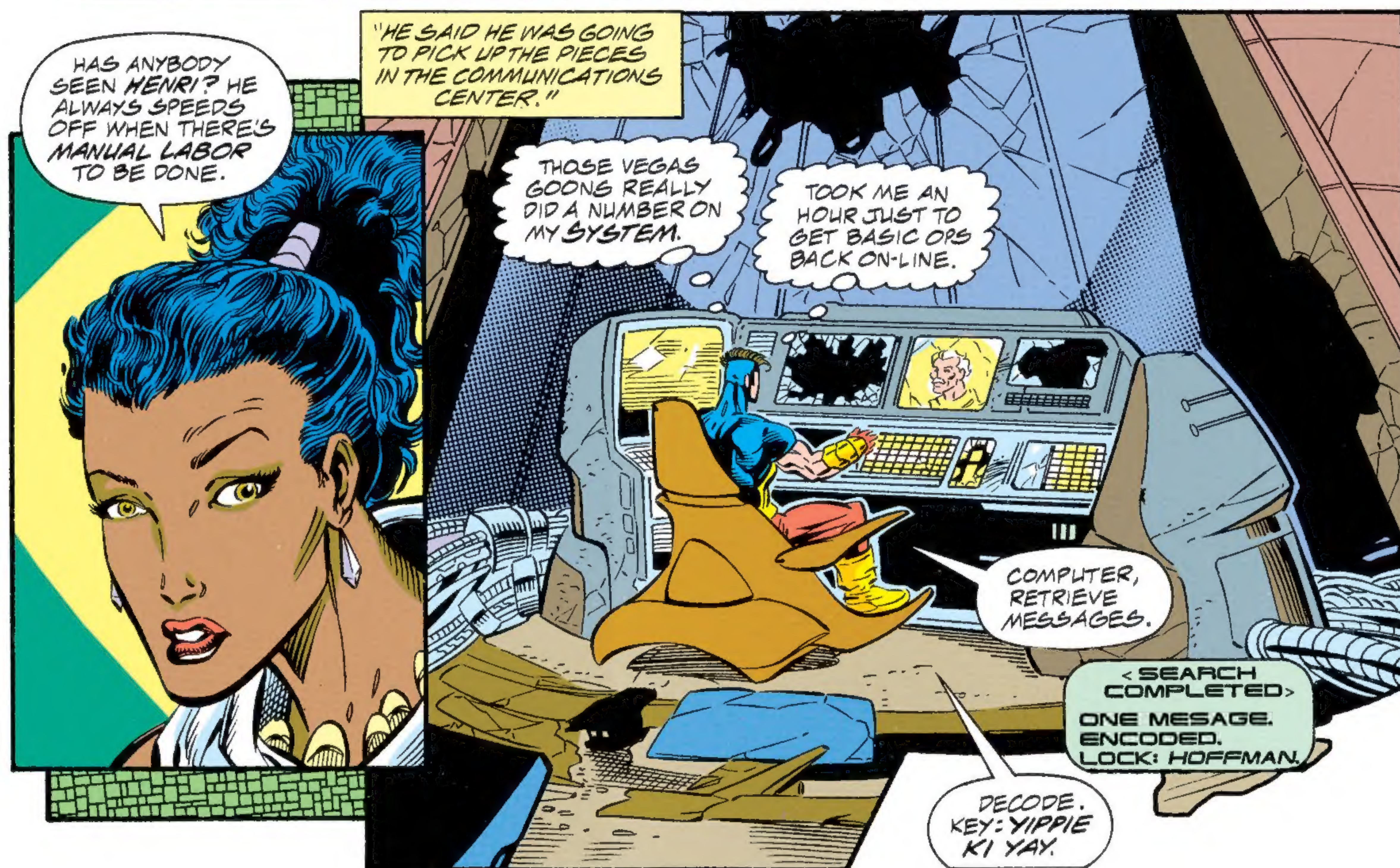
-- BUT I CAN AFFECT NOTHING WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OF MY MUTANT BRETHREN.



STAND BY ME, TIMOTHY--

--AS AN X-MAN.

I MUST BE CRAZY.



HAS ANYBODY SEEN HENRI? HE ALWAYS SPEEDS OFF WHEN THERE'S MANUAL LABOR TO BE DONE.

"HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO PICK UP THE PIECES IN THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER."

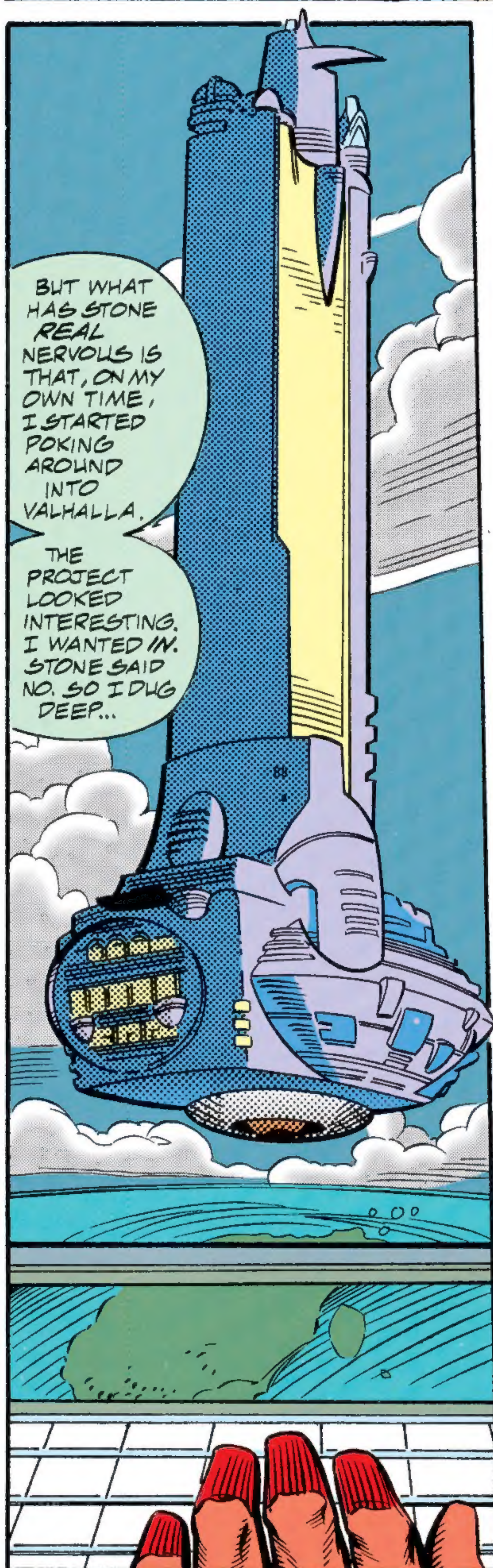
THOSE VEGAS GOONS REALLY DID A NUMBER ON MY SYSTEM.

TOOK ME AN HOUR JUST TO GET BASIC OPS BACK ON-LINE.

COMPUTER, RETRIEVE MESSAGES.

< SEARCH COMPLETED >
ONE MESSAGE. ENCODED. LOCK: HOFFMAN.

DECODE. KEY: YIPPIE KI YAY.



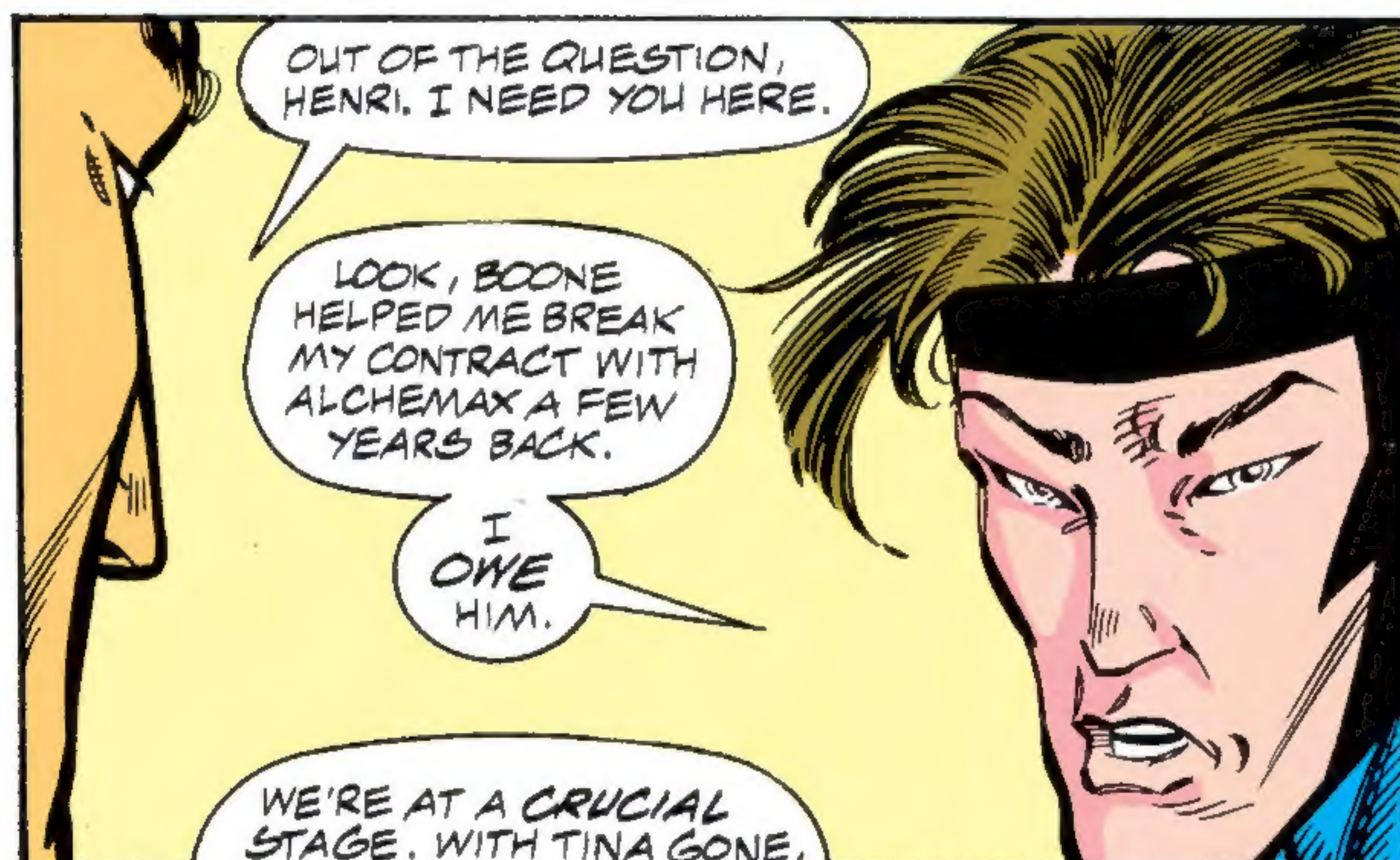
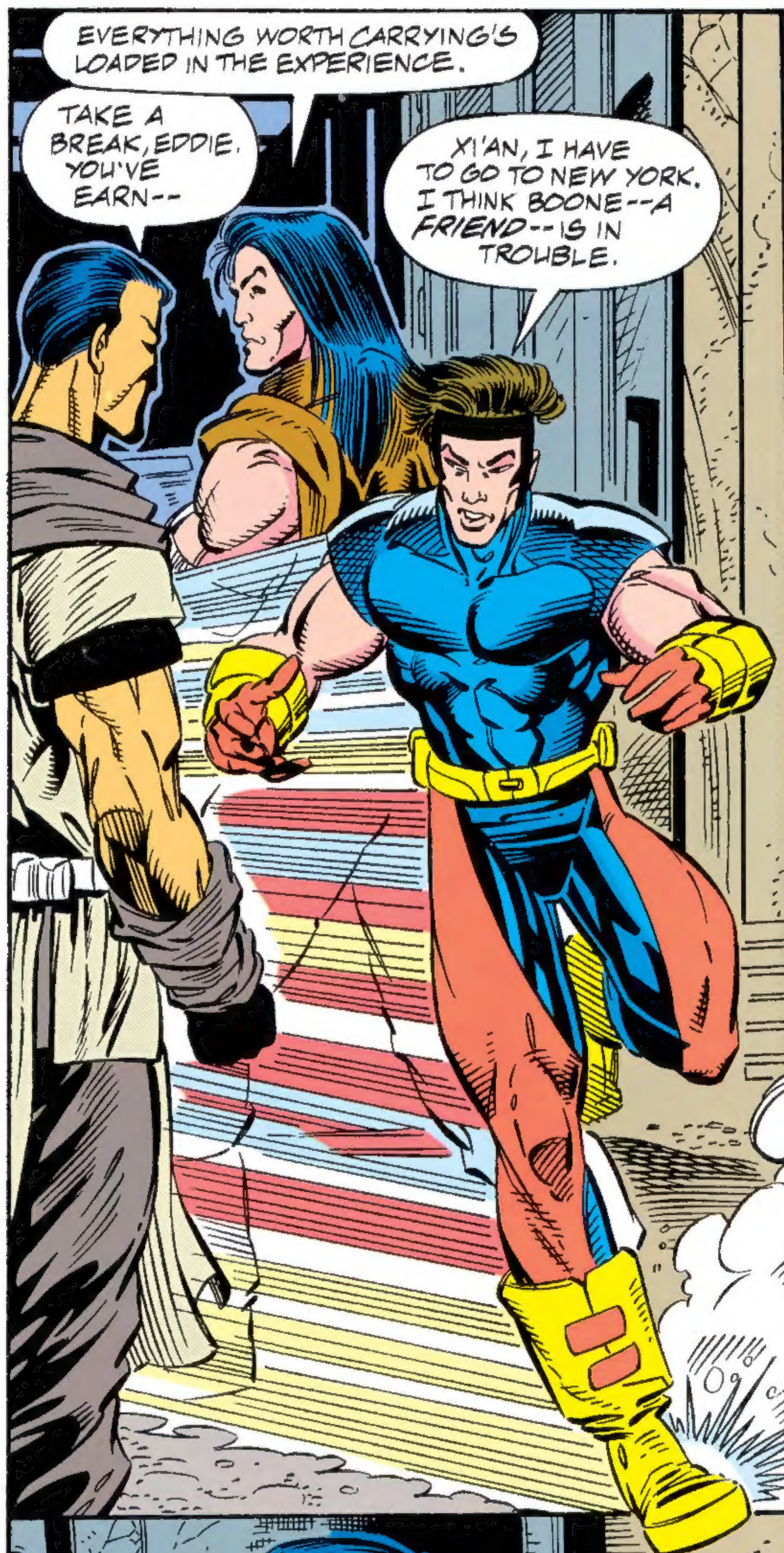
ALCHEMAX



☐ Jordan Boone

☐ Office #ALX212555768834

< THIS NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED >





ELSEWHERE.

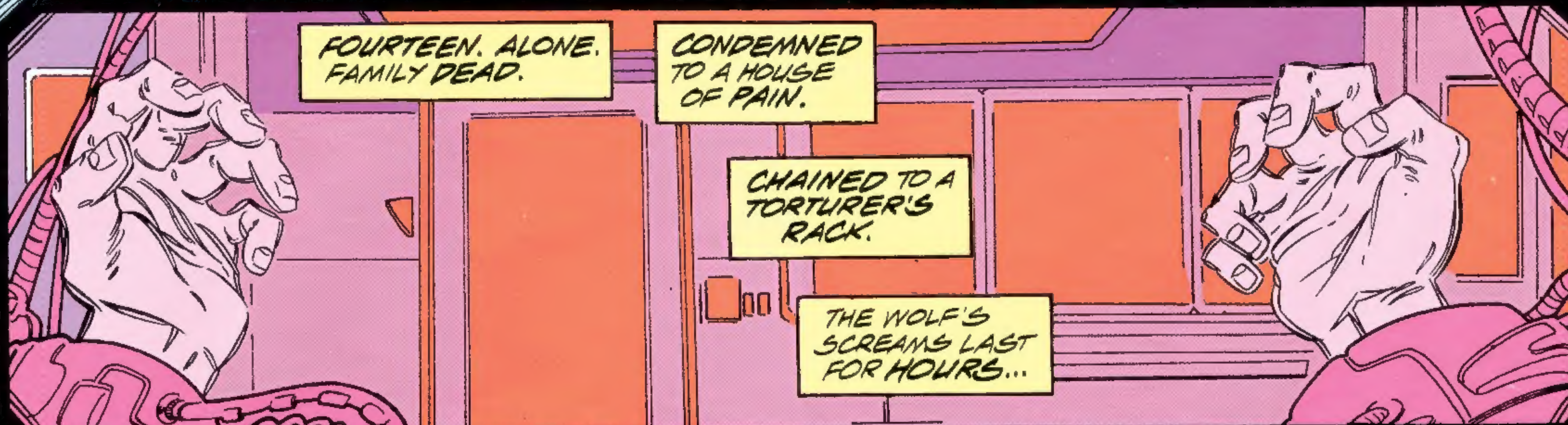
NO USE SQUIRMING, GARGOYLE,
YOU'RE IN THE DARKROOM NOW!

WHERE AM
I? WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
TO--

AAAAAGH!

THE NEURAL FEED
AROUND YOUR HEAD
IS GOING TO RECORD
ALL THE UNPLEASANT
MEMORIES--

--THAT MY TOUCH
WILL TRIGGER INSIDE
THAT LIZARD BRAIN
OF YOURS.

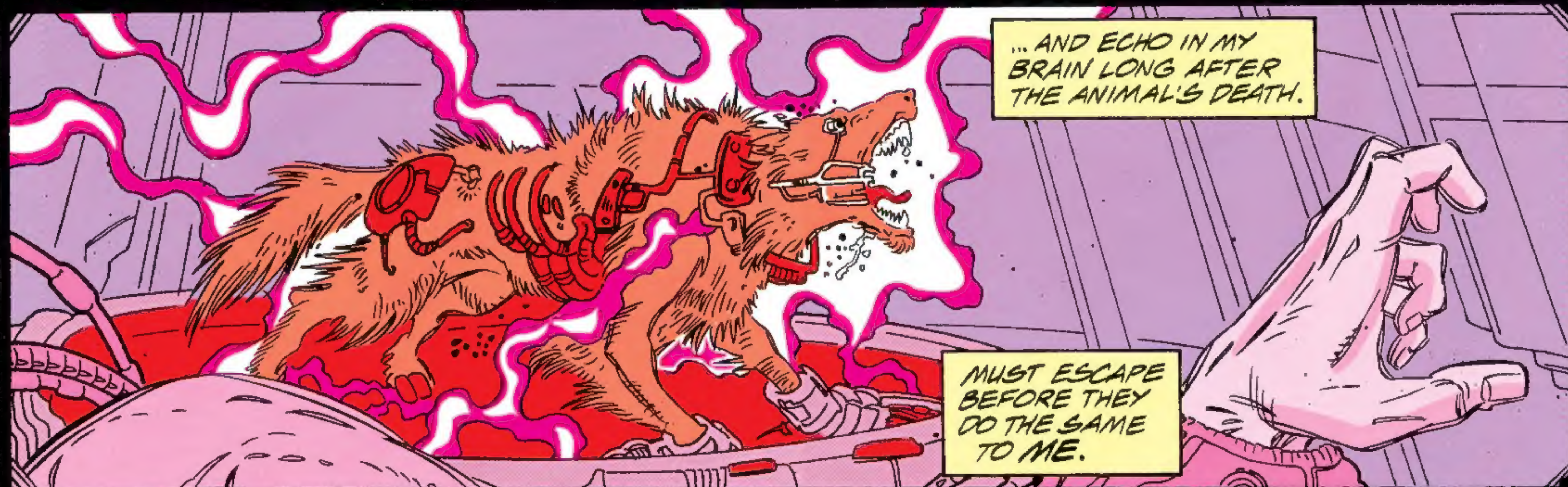


FOURTEEN. ALONE.
FAMILY DEAD.

CONDEMNED
TO A HOUSE
OF PAIN.

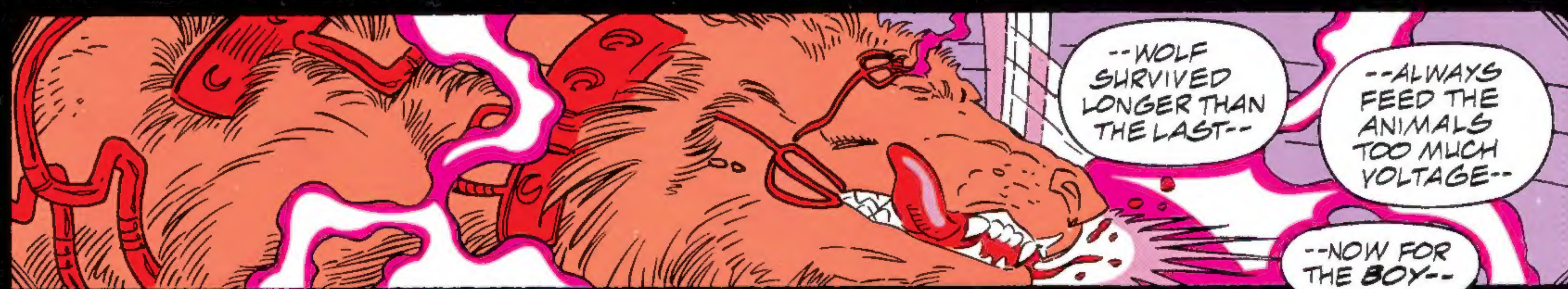
CHAINED TO A
TORTURER'S
RACK.

THE WOLF'S
SCREAMS LAST
FOR HOURS...



... AND ECHO IN MY
BRAIN LONG AFTER
THE ANIMAL'S DEATH.

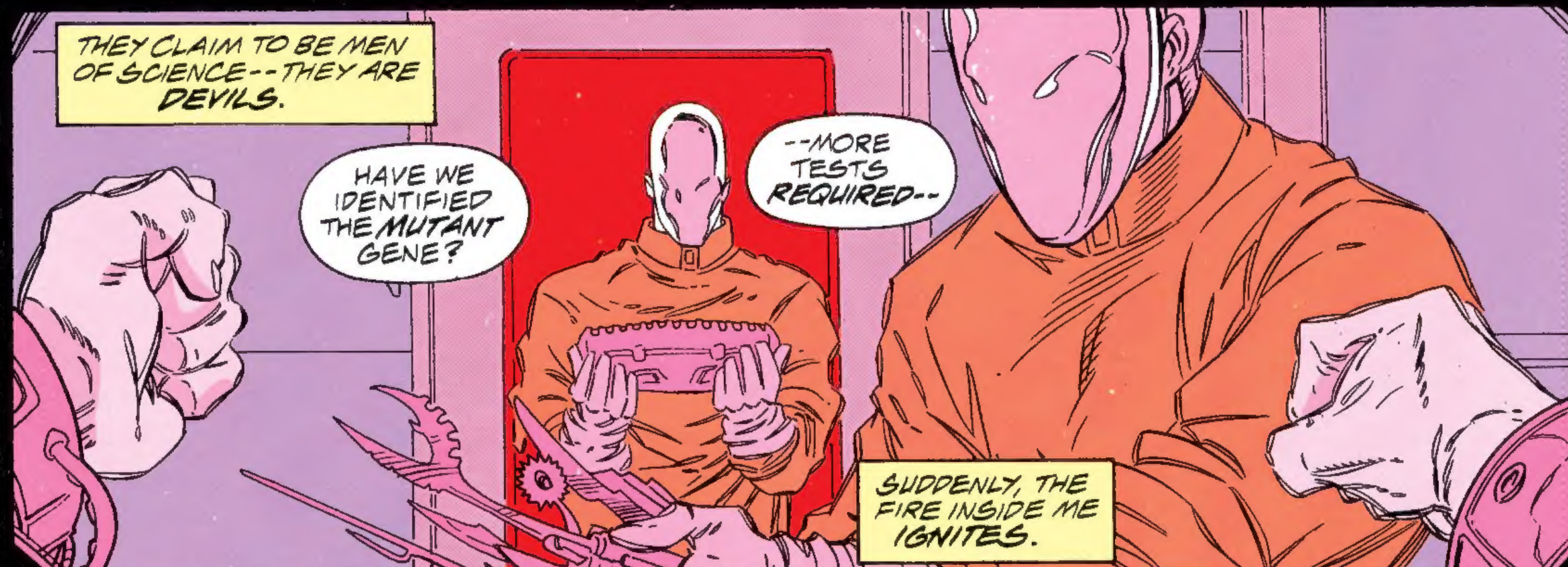
MUST ESCAPE
BEFORE THEY
DO THE SAME
TO ME.



--WOLF
SURVIVED
LONGER THAN
THE LAST--

--ALWAYS
FEED THE
ANIMALS
TOO MUCH
VOLTAGE--

--NOW FOR
THE BOY--

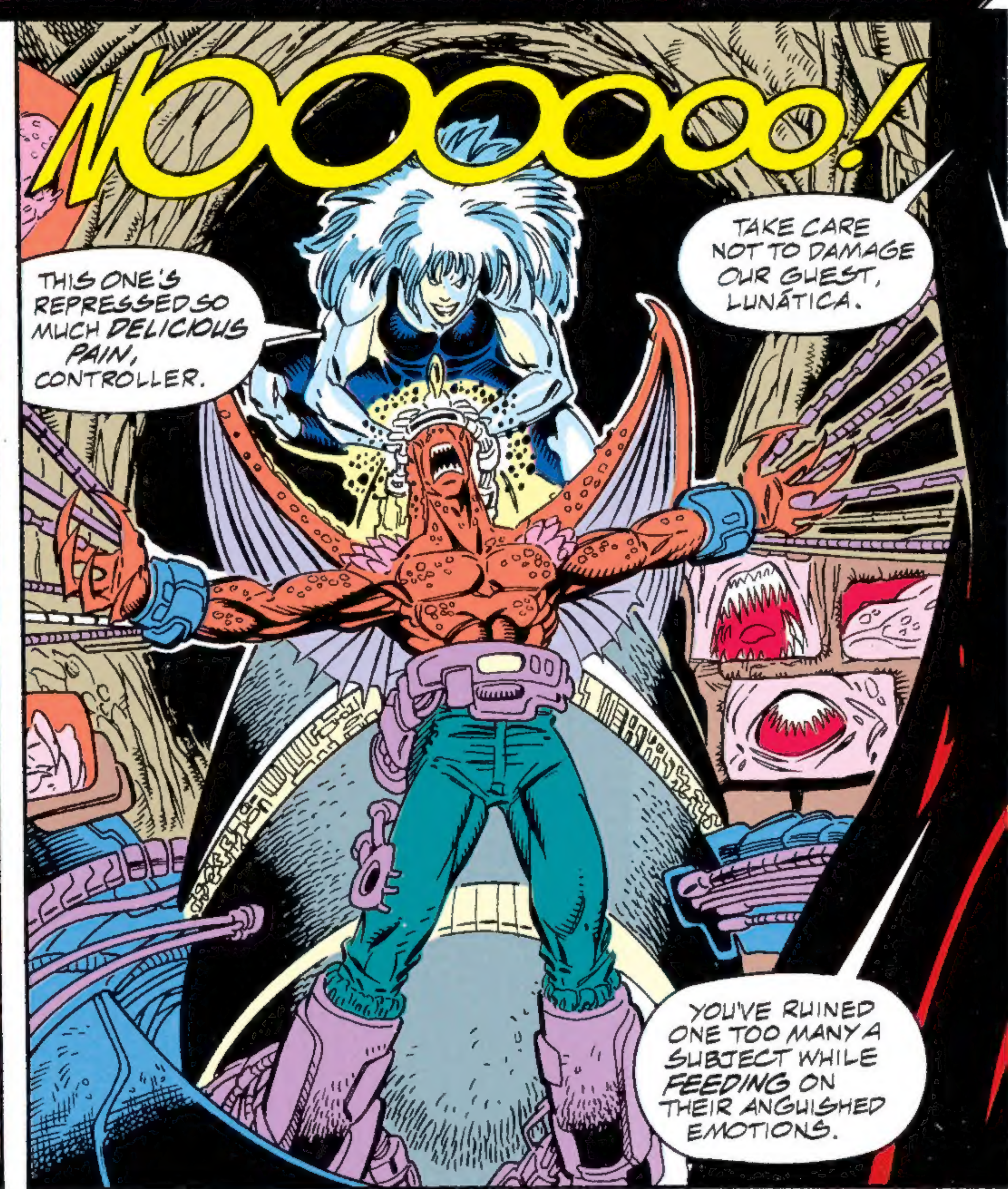
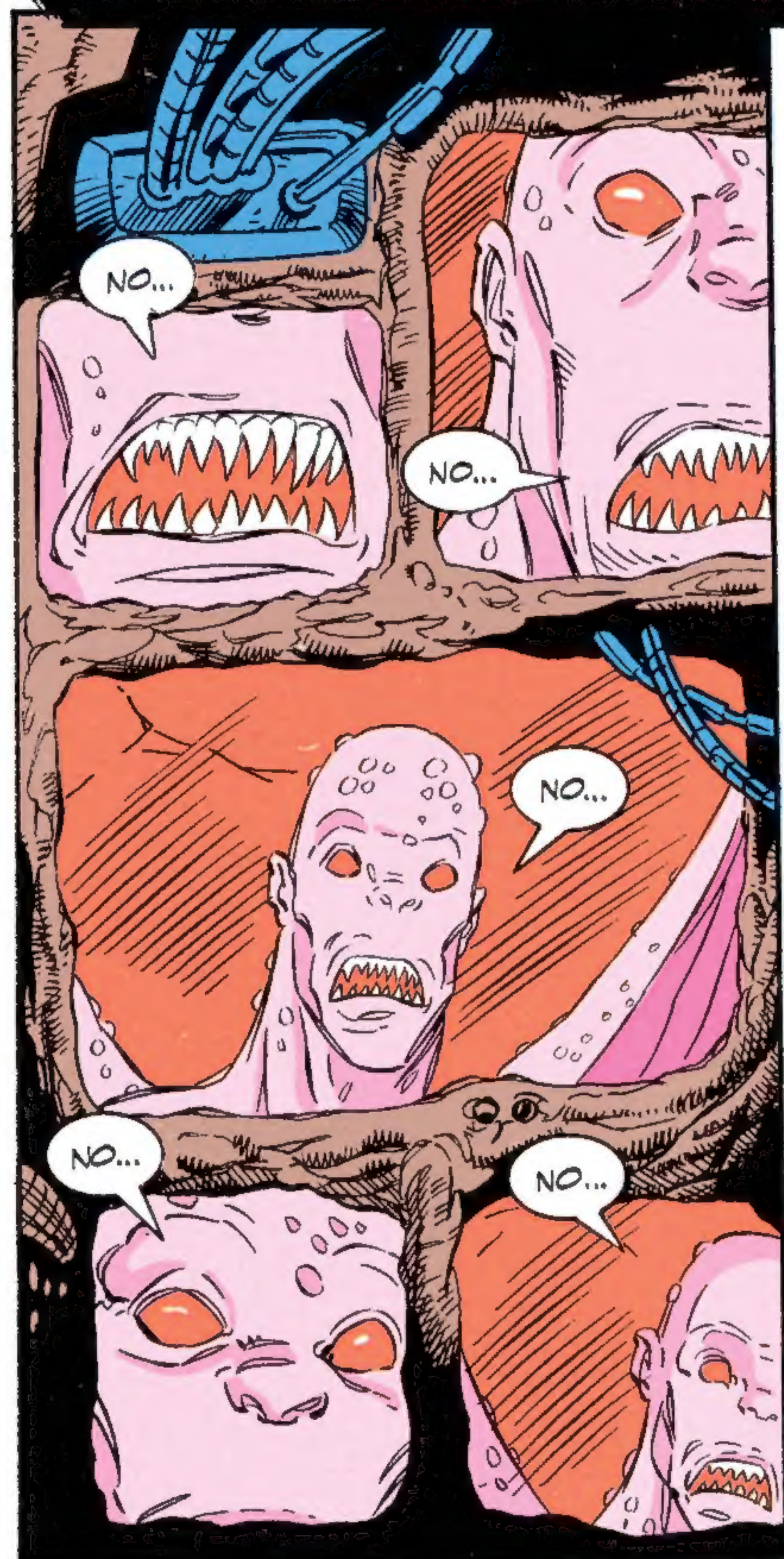
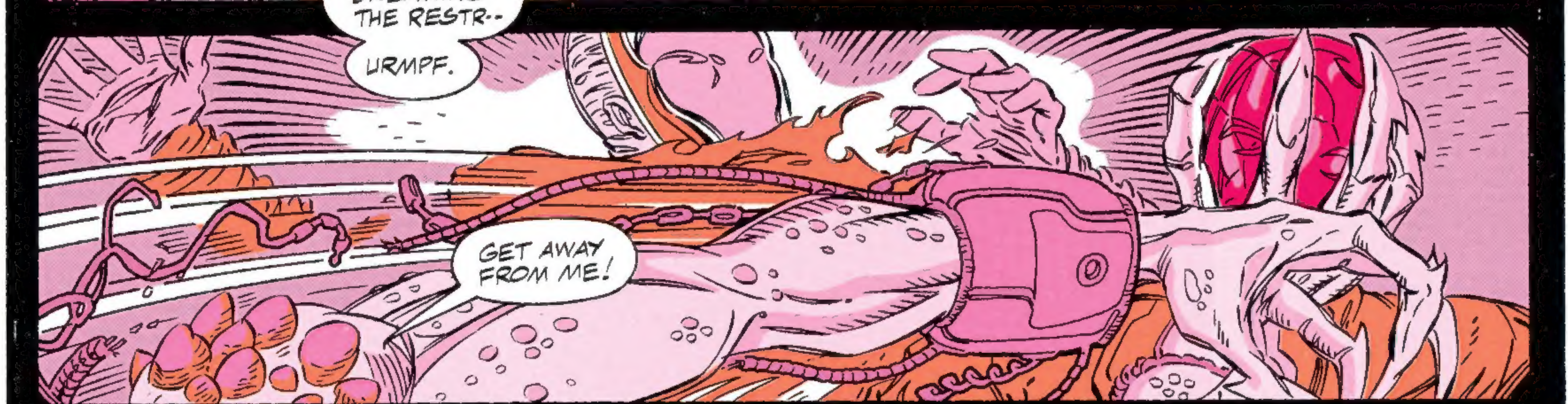


THEY CLAIM TO BE MEN
OF SCIENCE--THEY ARE
DEVILS.

HAVE WE
IDENTIFIED
THE MUTANT
GENE?

--MORE
TESTS
REQUIRED--

SUDDENLY, THE
FIRE INSIDE ME
IGNITES.



...AND WE STILL HAVE MUCH FURTHER
TO DELVE INTO THIS MUTANT'S TROUBLED
PSYCHE.

OUR AUDIENCE DEMANDS WE PROVIDE
THEM WITH SUFFERING AND PAIN THEY
CAN EXPERIENCE VICARIOUSLY.

THEY PAY WELL
FOR THE GENUINE
TASTE OF BLOOD
AND FEAR I OFFER
THROUGH THESE
ENHANCED
REALITY DISCS.

--I'M EAGER TO BRING
THE OTHERS HERE.

MAYBE I'M TIRED OF
RUNNING YOUR ERRANDS.
WHEN ARE YOU GOING
TO SET ME FREE?

IN TIME, LUNÁTICA.
DON'T BE PETULANT.

IF YOU COULD FEEL
ANYTHING, I'D MAKE
YOU HURT, CONTROLLER.

I HAD MY DOUBTS
WHEN BRIMSTONE
LOVE SUGGESTED
I SEEK OUT THE
MUTANTS WHO
CAUSED SUCH A
COMMOTION IN
VEGAS--

--BUT NOW
THAT I'VE SEEN
THE POTENTIAL
OF YOUR KIND--

MY NERVES ARE
DEAD. I FEEL
NEITHER PLEASURE
NOR PAIN.

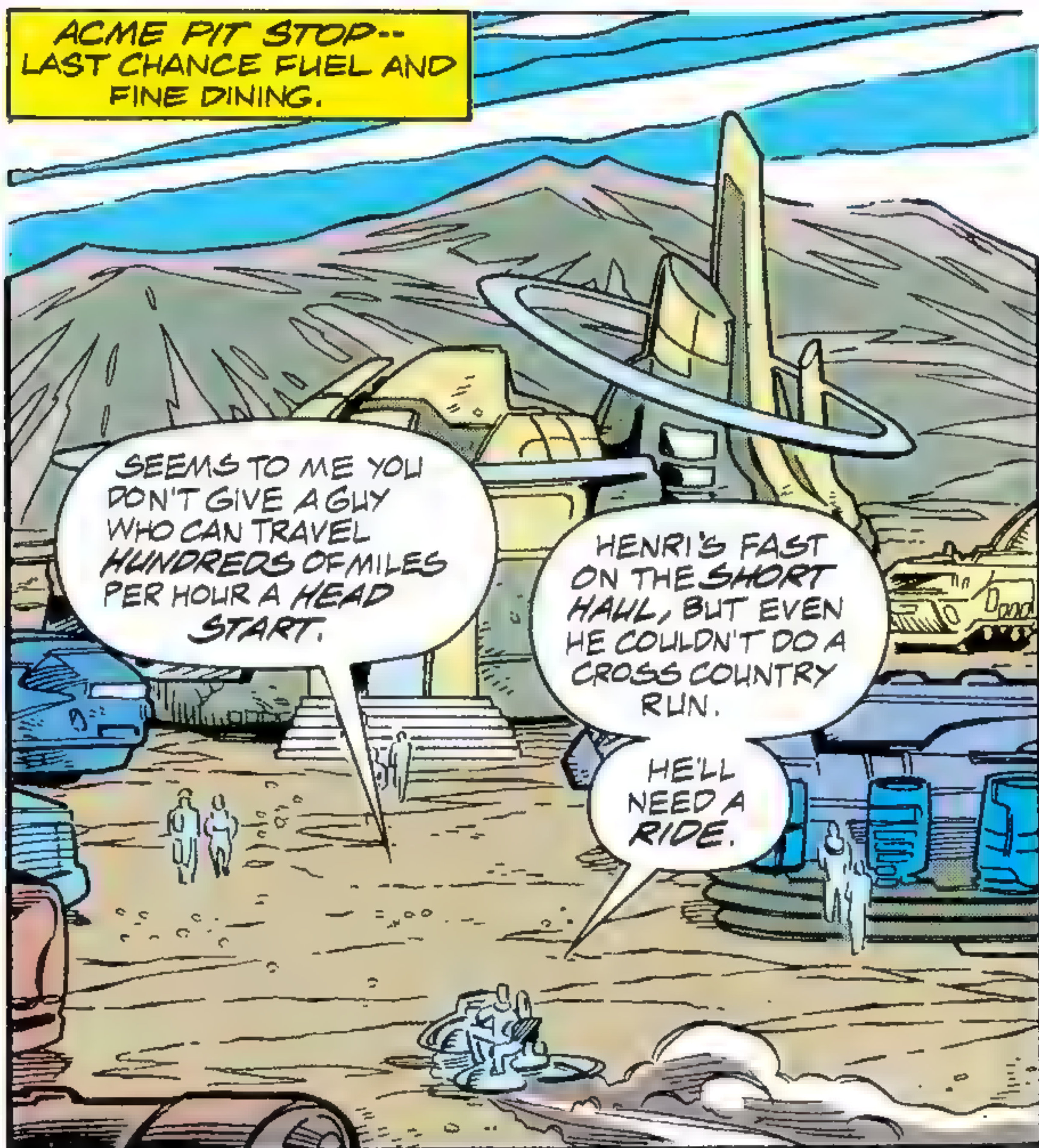
WHICH DOES
NOT MEAN I
CANNOT CAUSE
PAIN IN OTHERS.

THE COLLAR
AROUND YOUR
NECK SHOULD
REMINDE YOU
OF THAT.

FIND
BLOODHAWK'S
COMPANIONS.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
CONTROLLER.

ACME PIT STOP--
LAST CHANCE FUEL AND
FINE DINING.



SEEMS TO ME YOU
DON'T GIVE A GUY
WHO CAN TRAVEL
HUNDREDS OF MILES
PER HOUR A HEAD
START.

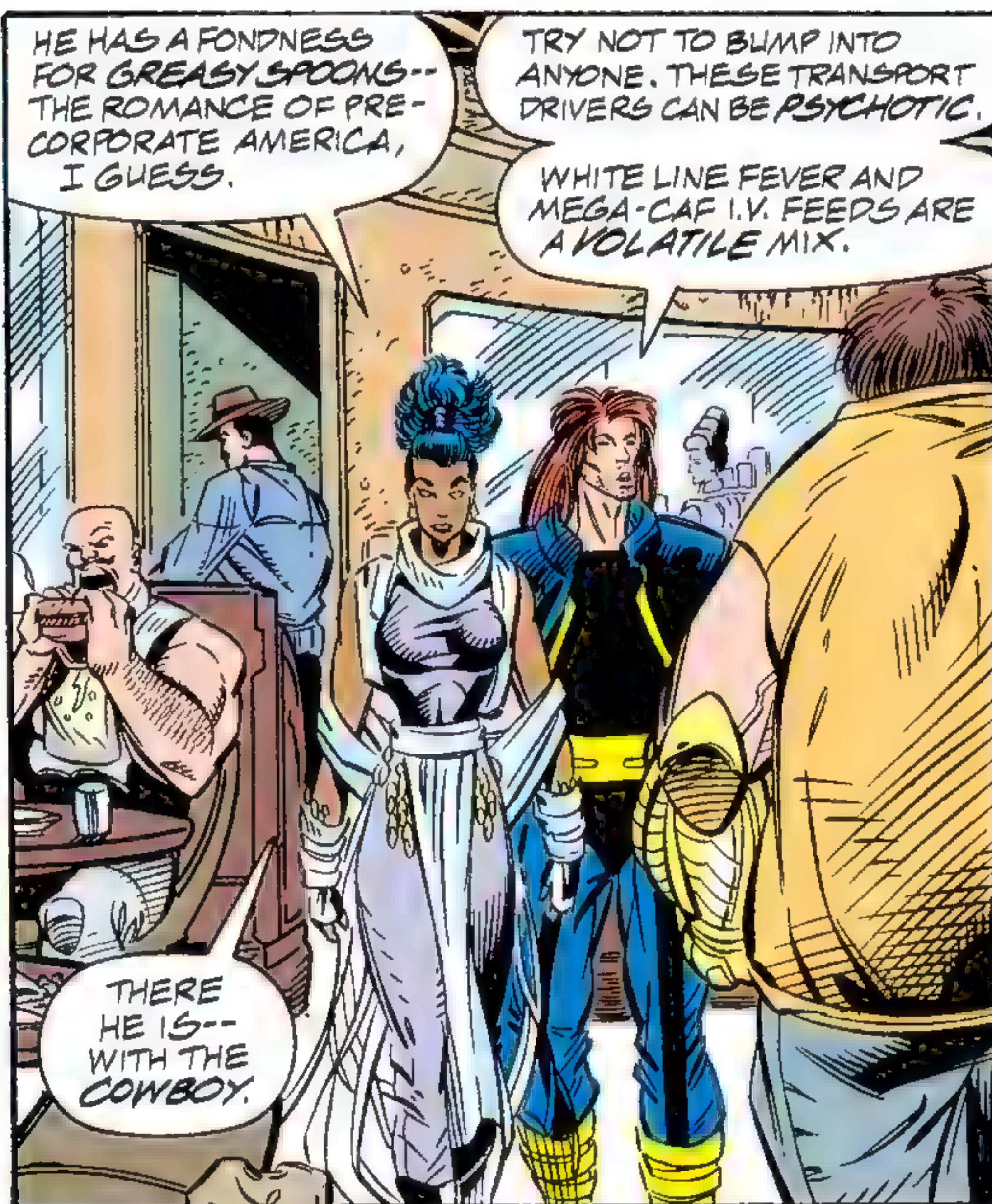
HENRI'S FAST
ON THE SHORT
HAUL, BUT EVEN
HE COULDN'T DO A
CROSS COUNTRY
RUN.

HE'LL
NEED A
RIDE.

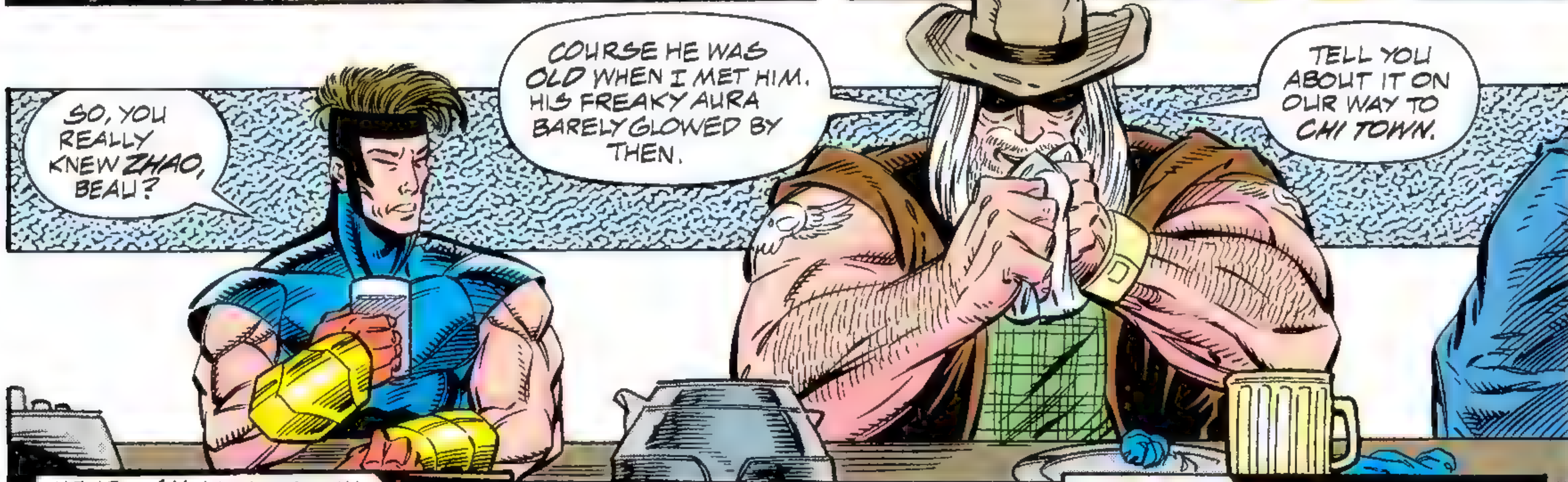
HE HAS A FONDNESS
FOR GREASY SPOONS--
THE ROMANCE OF PRE-
CORPORATE AMERICA,
I GUESS.

TRY NOT TO BUMP INTO
ANYONE. THESE TRANSPORT
DRIVERS CAN BE PSYCHOTIC.

WHITE LINE FEVER AND
MEGA-CAF I.V. FEEDS ARE
A VOLATILE MIX.



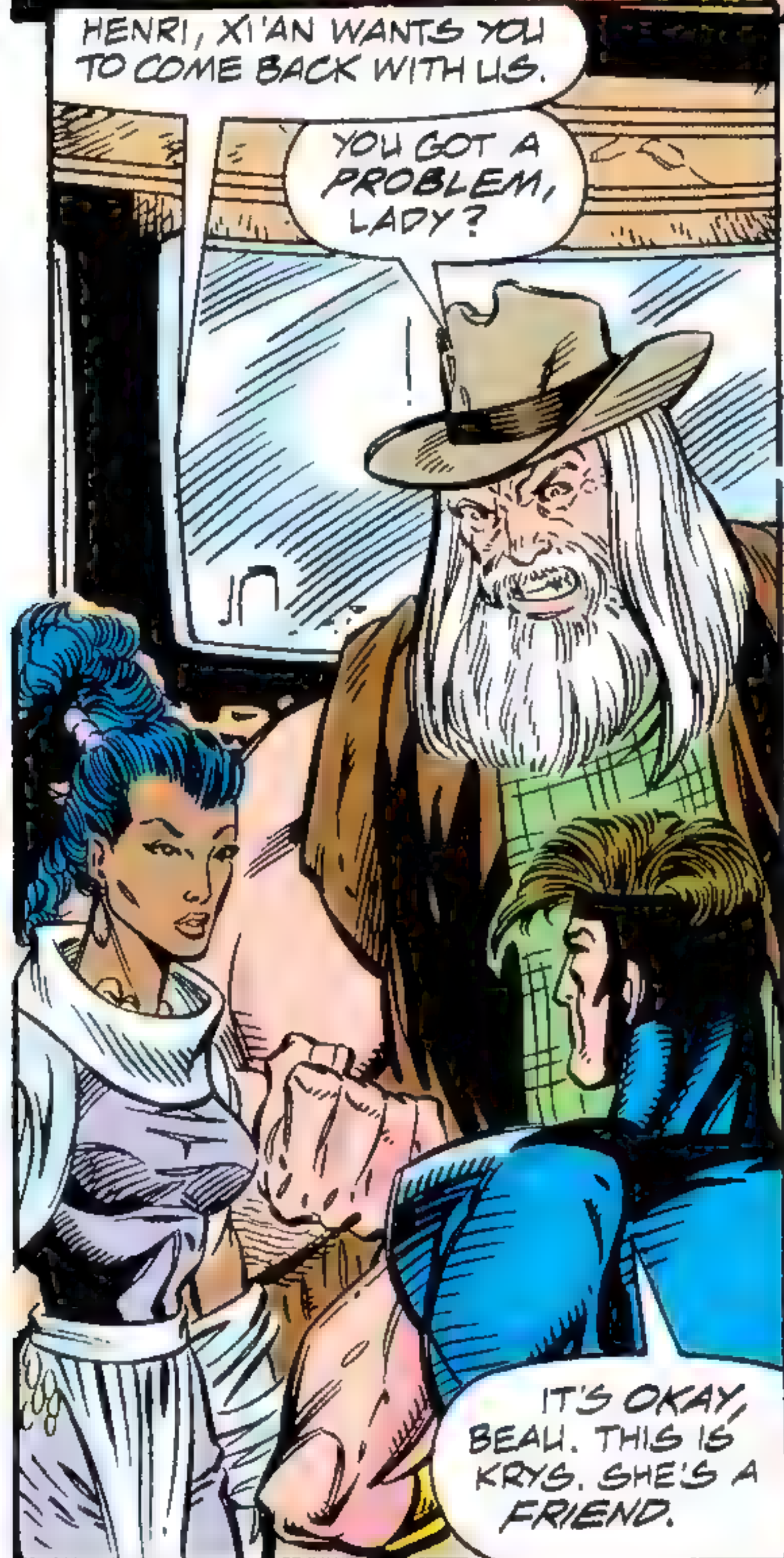
THERE
HE IS--
WITH THE
COWBOY.



SO, YOU
REALLY
KNEW ZHAO,
BEAU?

COURSE HE WAS
OLD WHEN I MET HIM.
HIS FREAKY AURA
BARELY GLOWED BY
THEN.

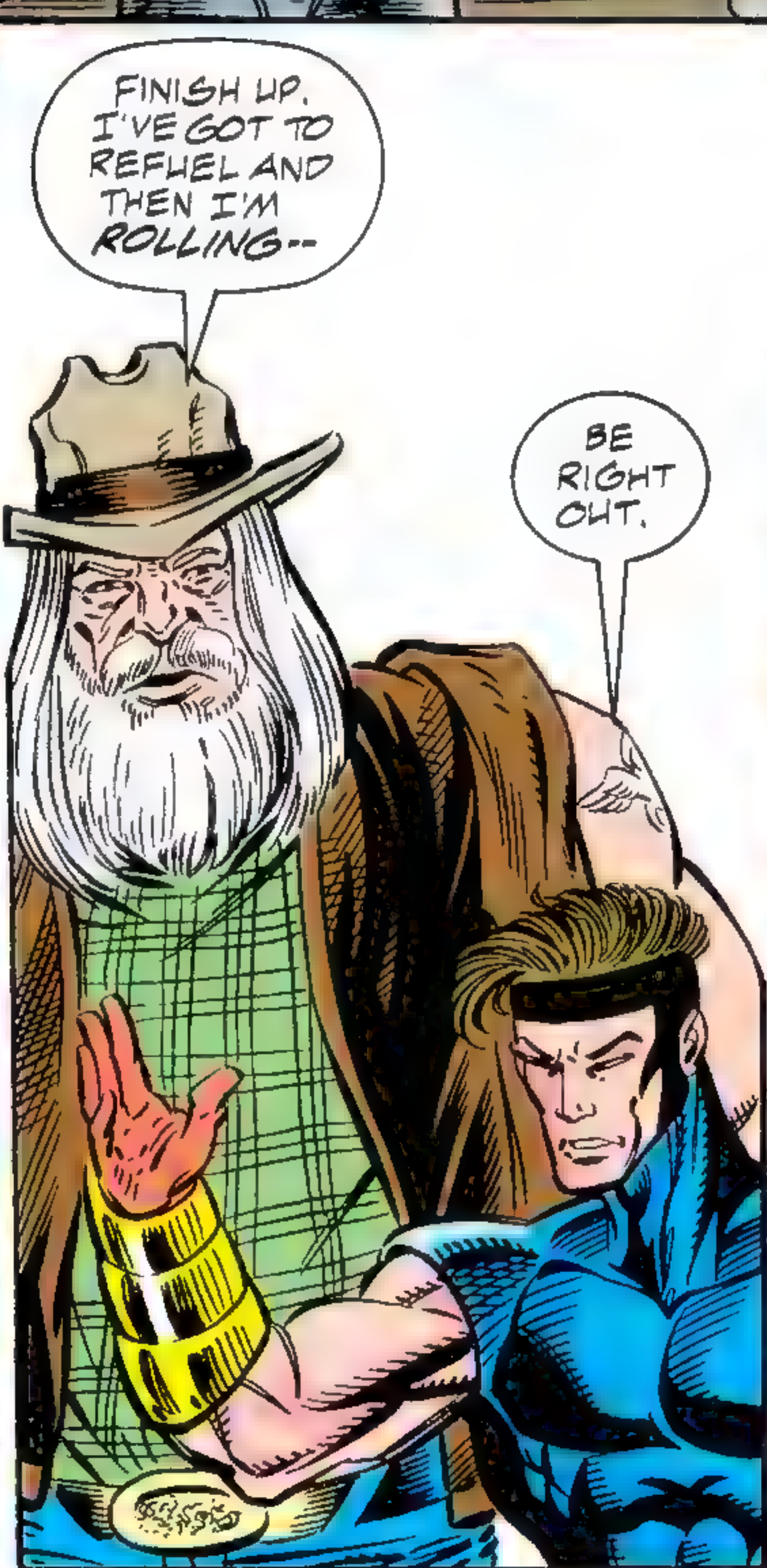
TELL YOU
ABOUT IT ON
OUR WAY TO
CHI TOWN.



HENRI, XI'AN WANTS YOU
TO COME BACK WITH US.

YOU GOT A
PROBLEM,
LADY?

IT'S OKAY,
BEAU. THIS IS
KRYG. SHE'S A
FRIEND.



FINISH UP.
I'VE GOT TO
REFUEL AND
THEN I'M
ROLLING--

BE
RIGHT
OUT.



WAIT UNTIL
TOMORROW
TO LEAVE.
GIVE XI'AN
SOME TIME
TO CHILL
OUT ABOUT
NEW YORK.

I NEED TO
KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
BOONE.
PERIOD.

DON'T LOOK
AT ME. I'M
HERE FOR THE
FRESH AIR.



CRAZY MUTANT KIDS
WITH THEIR MIXED-UP
GENES AND RAGING
HORMONES...

NEXT THING YOU
KNOW, THEY'LL BE
CALLING
THEMSELVES X--

GOING
MY WAY,
COWBOY?



ALL DEPENDS ON WHERE
YOU'RE HEADED, PRETTY
LADY.

OH I DON'T HAVE
A DESTINATION.
I'M JUST LOOKING
FOR A RIDE.

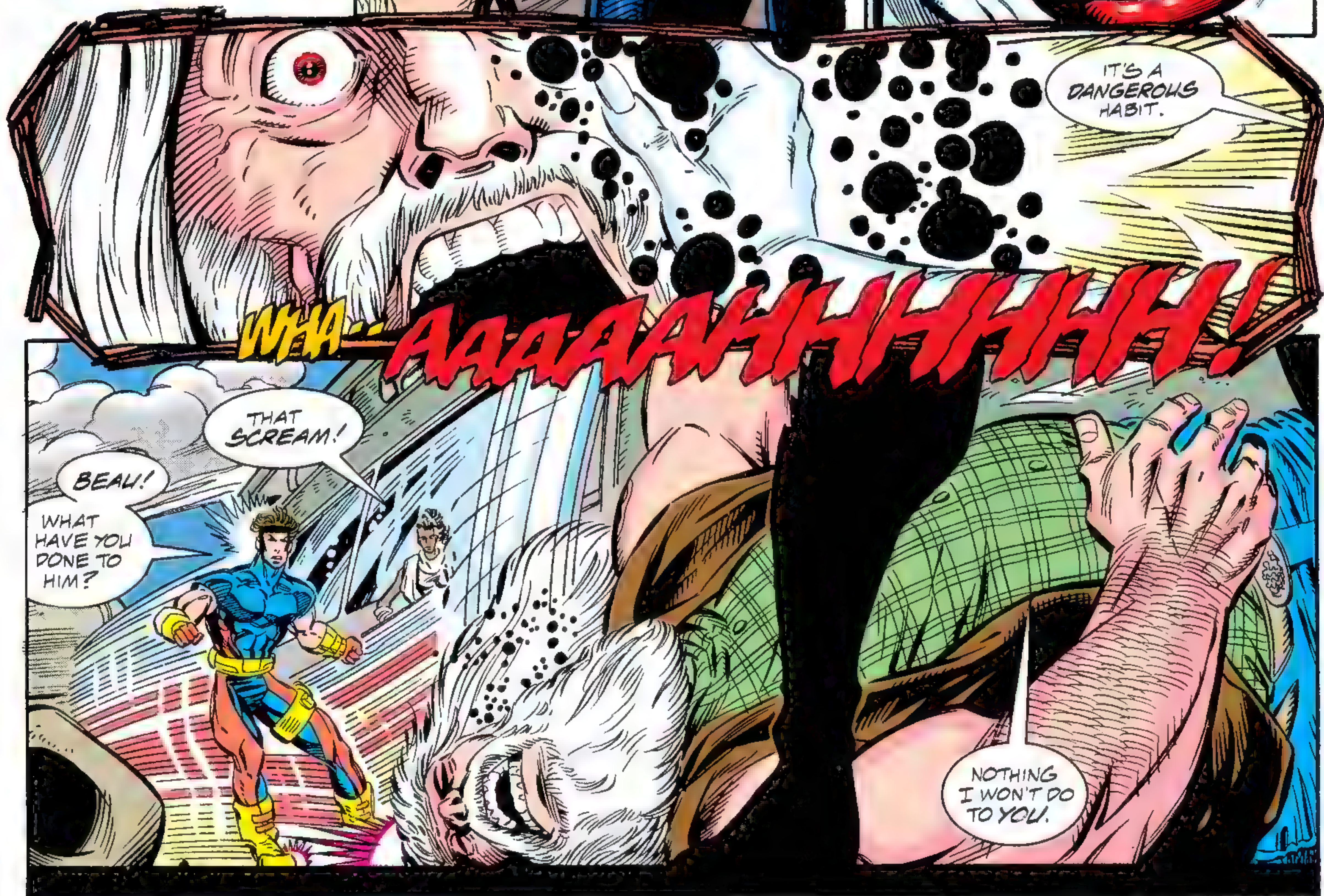


SWEETHEART, YOU CAN RIDE
SHOTGUN WITH BEAUREGARD
J. FONTANA ANY TIME, ANY
PLACE, ANY WHERE.

THAT'S WHAT I
LOVE ABOUT YOU
BIG RIG BOYS--
ALWAYS SO
ACCOMMODATING.



BUT DIDN'T YOUR MAMA
WARN YOU ABOUT TALKING
TO STRANGERS?



IT'S A
DANGEROUS
HABIT.

WHA--AAAAAHHHHHHH!!

THAT
SCREAM!

BEAU!

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE TO
HIM?

NOTHING
I WON'T DO
TO YOU.



DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'VE JUST FOUND MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE.

YOUR LUG NUT PAL WAS AN APPETIZER.

YOU'RE THE MAIN COURSE.

WHACK

BOOM

KRYSTALIN, HOW DO WE DEAL WITH THIS?

THAT WOMAN'S AS FAST AS MEANSTREAK AND TWICE AS STRONG.

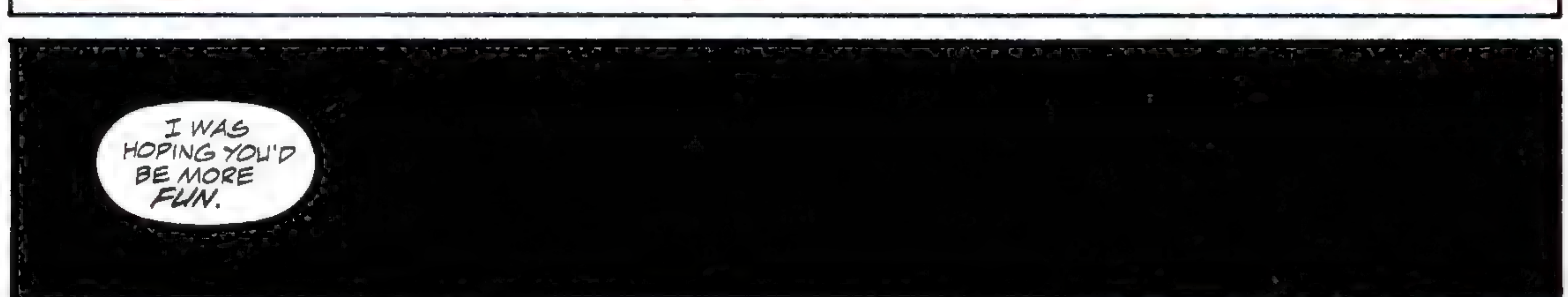
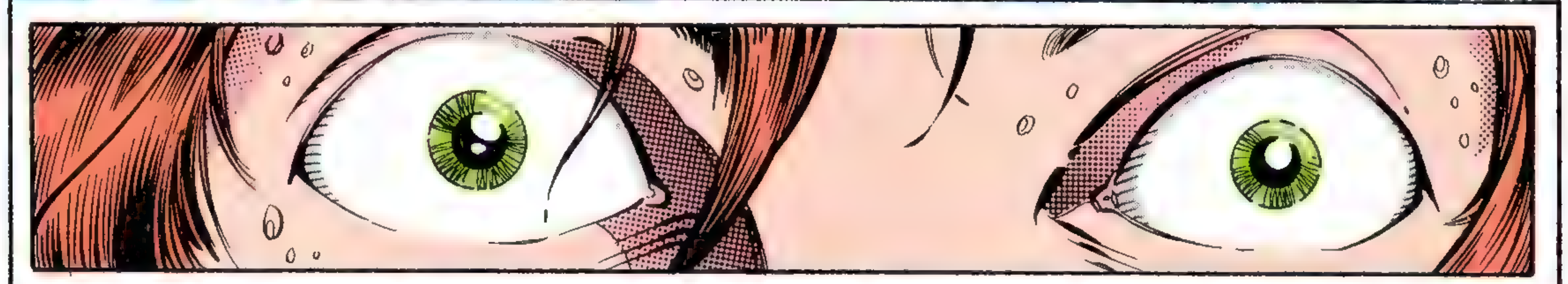
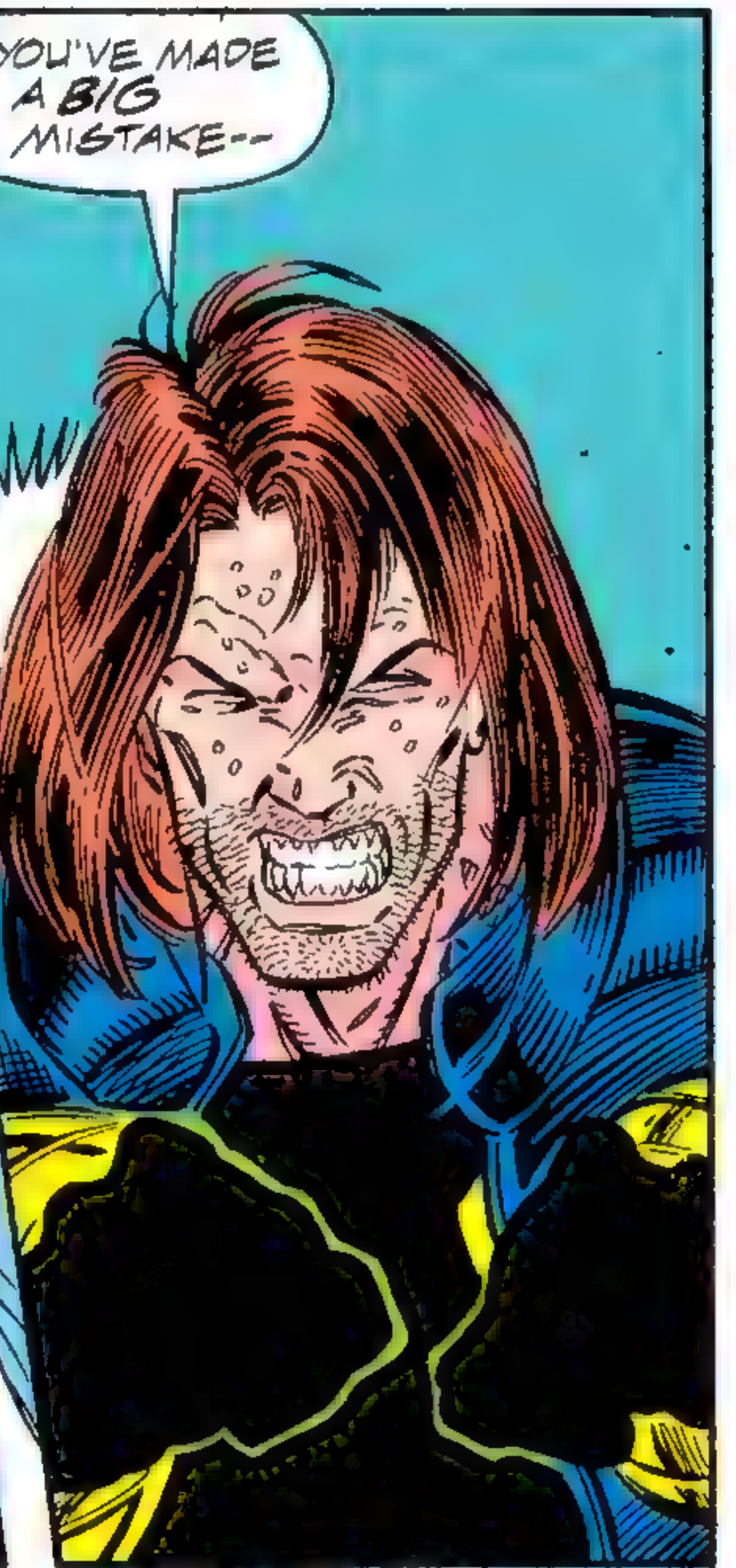
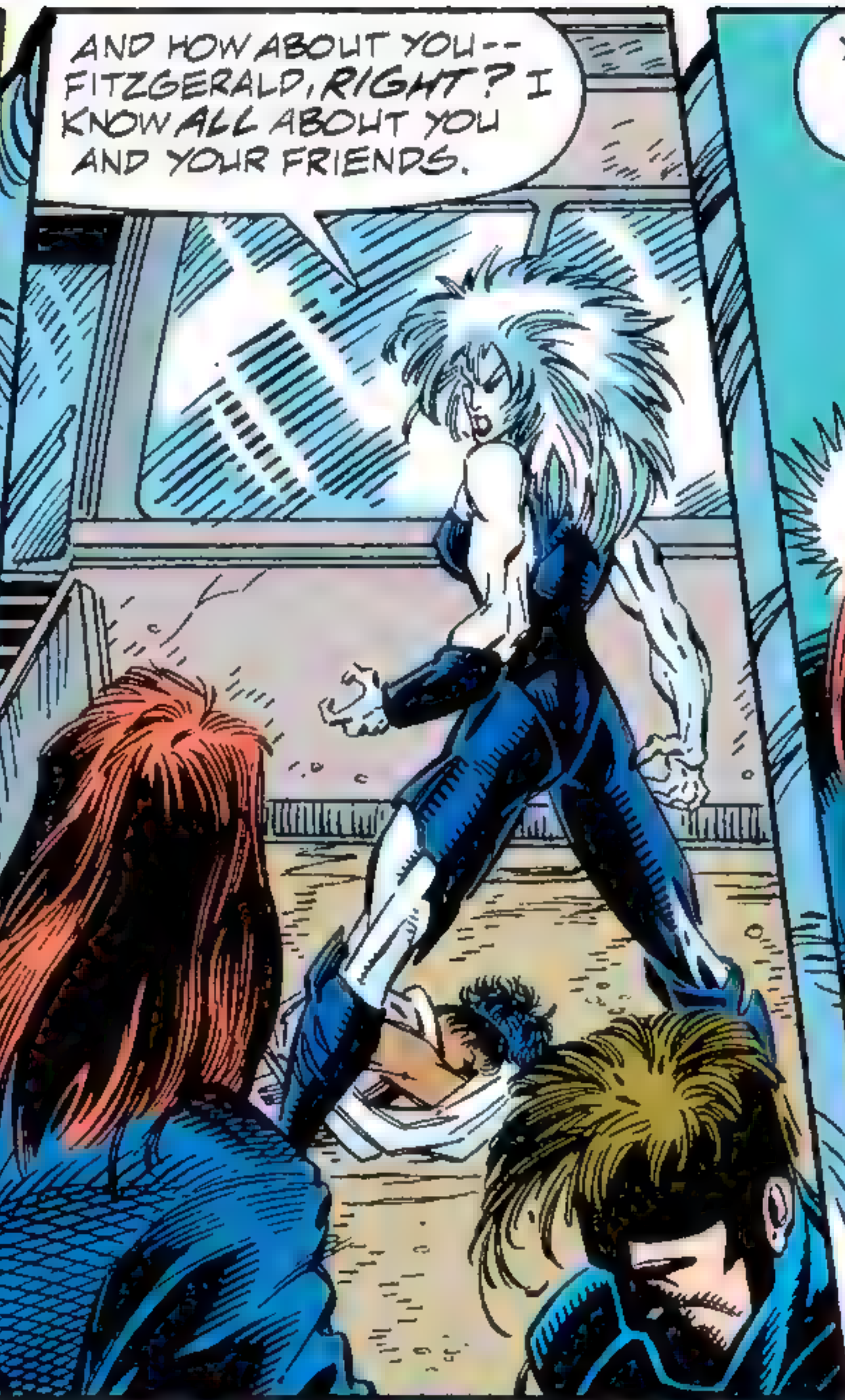
YOU MAKE SURE HENRI'S OKAY.

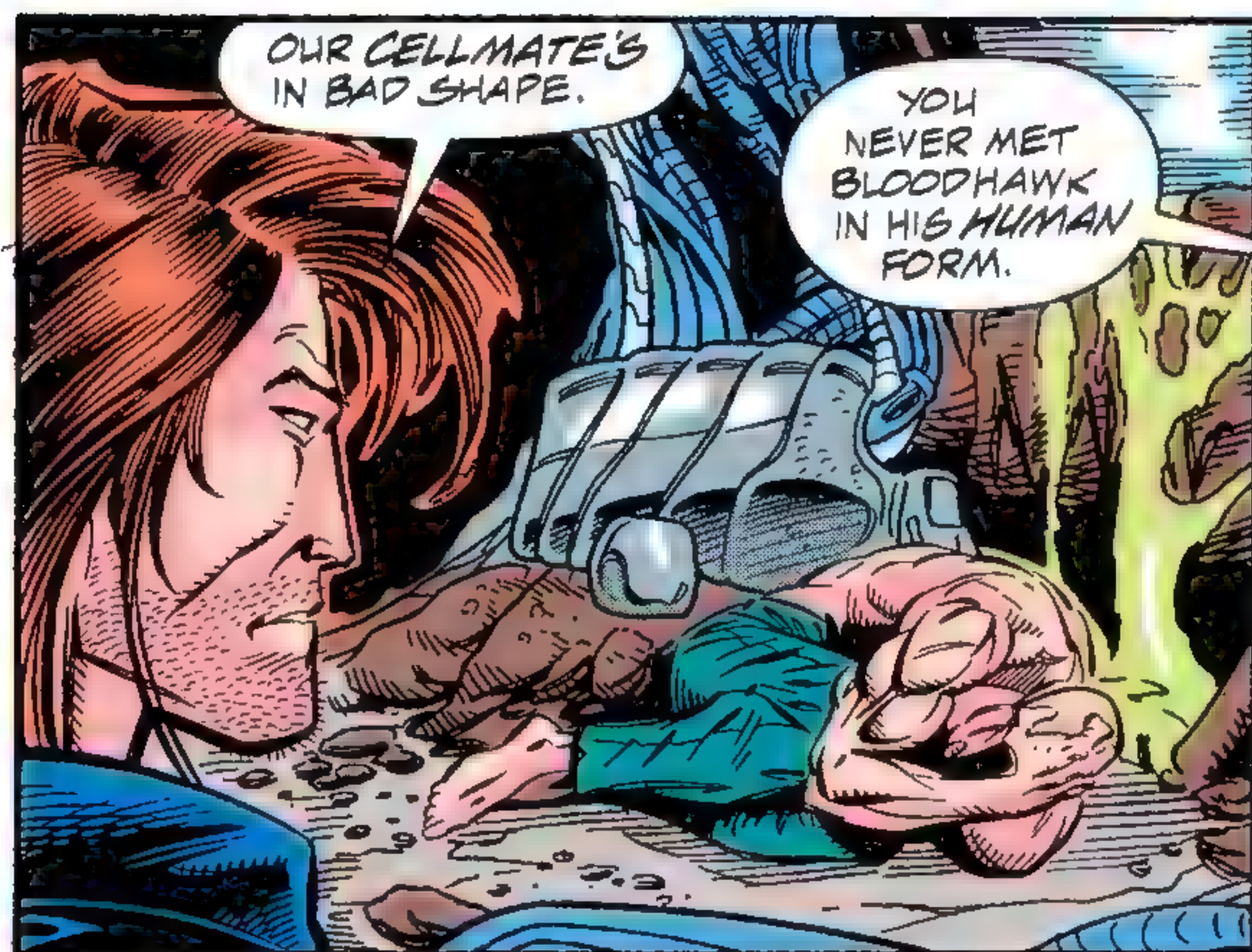
I'LL HANDLE THE WITCH.

DARLIN, CAN'T YOU DO BETTER THAN THAT?

HER SKIN MUST BE INCREDIBLY TOUGH TO IGNORE MY CRYSTAL SPLINTERS.

TIME TO RETHINK MY--







YOU INVADE
PEOPLE'S
MINDS AND
STEAL THEIR
LIVES FOR
PROFIT?

FOR ART. AND I
THINK OF IT AS
APPROPRIATION.

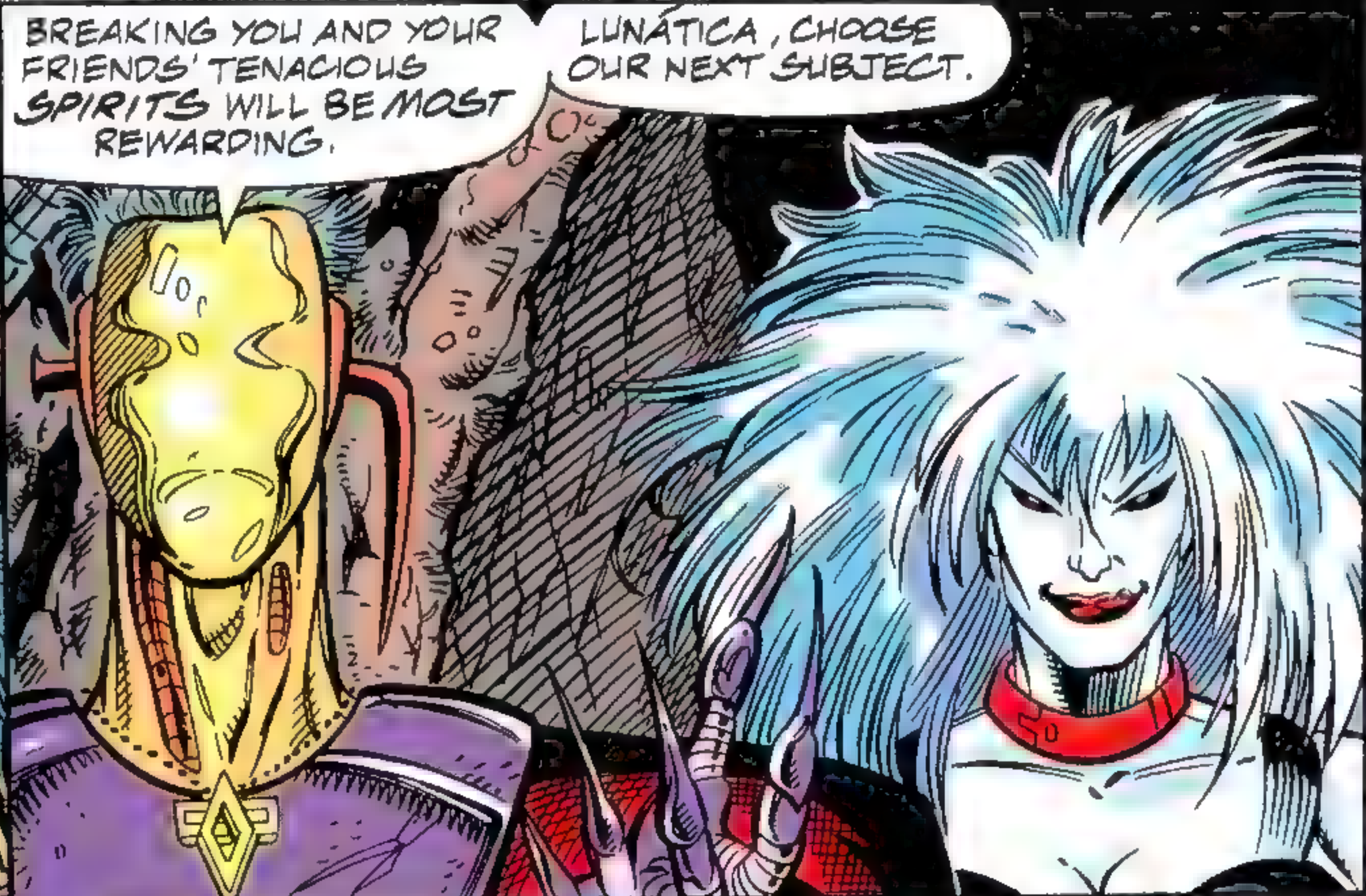
I TAKE MOMENTS OF
TRANSCENDENT EMOTIONAL
INTENSITY FROM OTHERWISE
WASTED LIVES---

--AND CREATE WORK
APPRECIATED BY A
SELECT AUDIENCE.

BY A BUNCH
OF EMOTIONAL
GHOULS, YOU
MEAN.

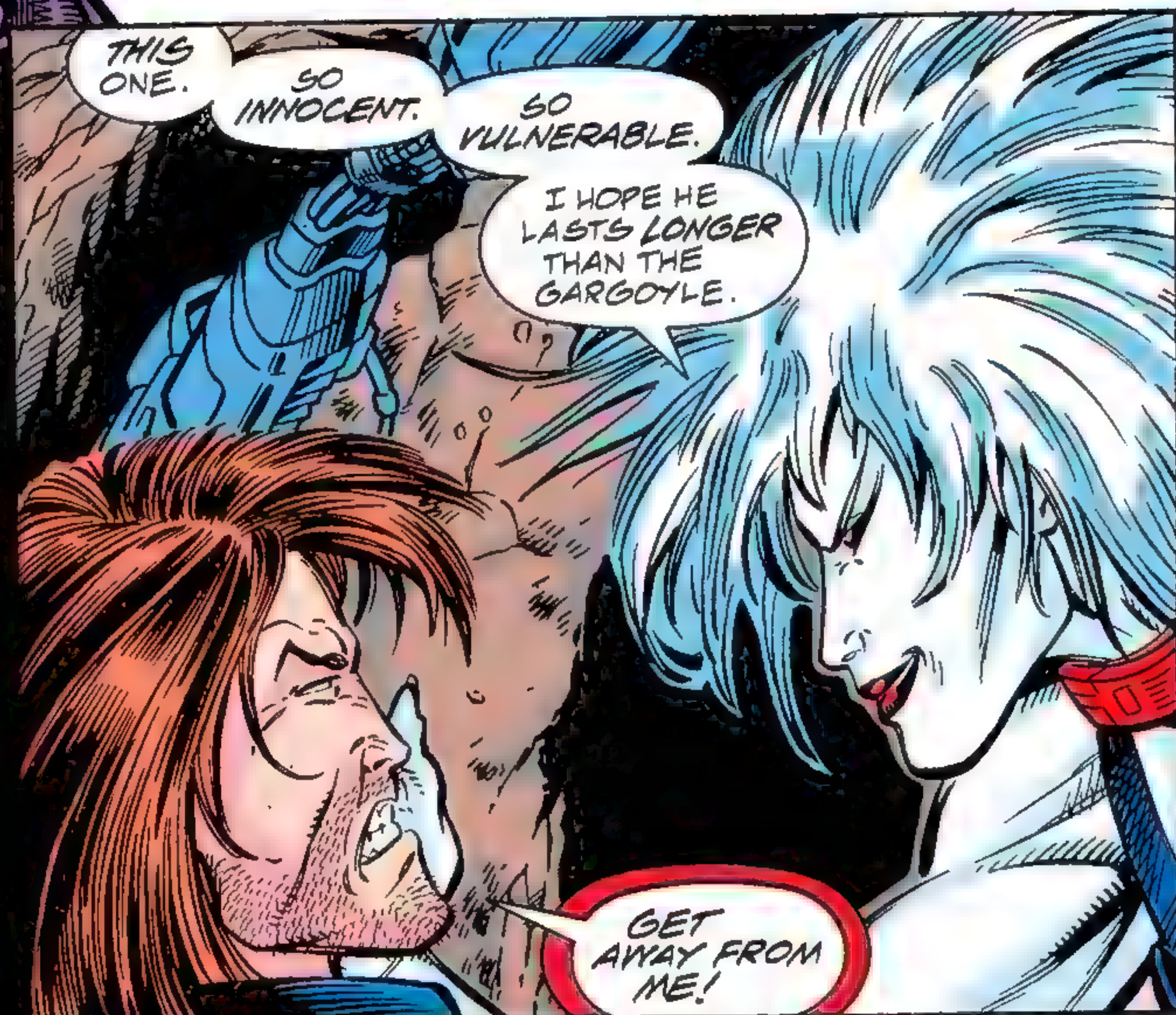
IF YOU AND YOUR
CLIENTS ARE SO HOT
FOR PAIN, TAKE OFF
THIS NEURAL
RESTRAINT.

I'LL SHOW
YOU REAL
PAIN.



BREAKING YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS' TENACIOUS
SPIRITS WILL BE MOST
REWARDING.

LUNATICA, CHOOSE
OUR NEXT SUBJECT.



THIS
ONE.

SO
INNOCENT.

SO
VULNERABLE.

I HOPE HE
LASTS LONGER
THAN THE
GARGOYLE.

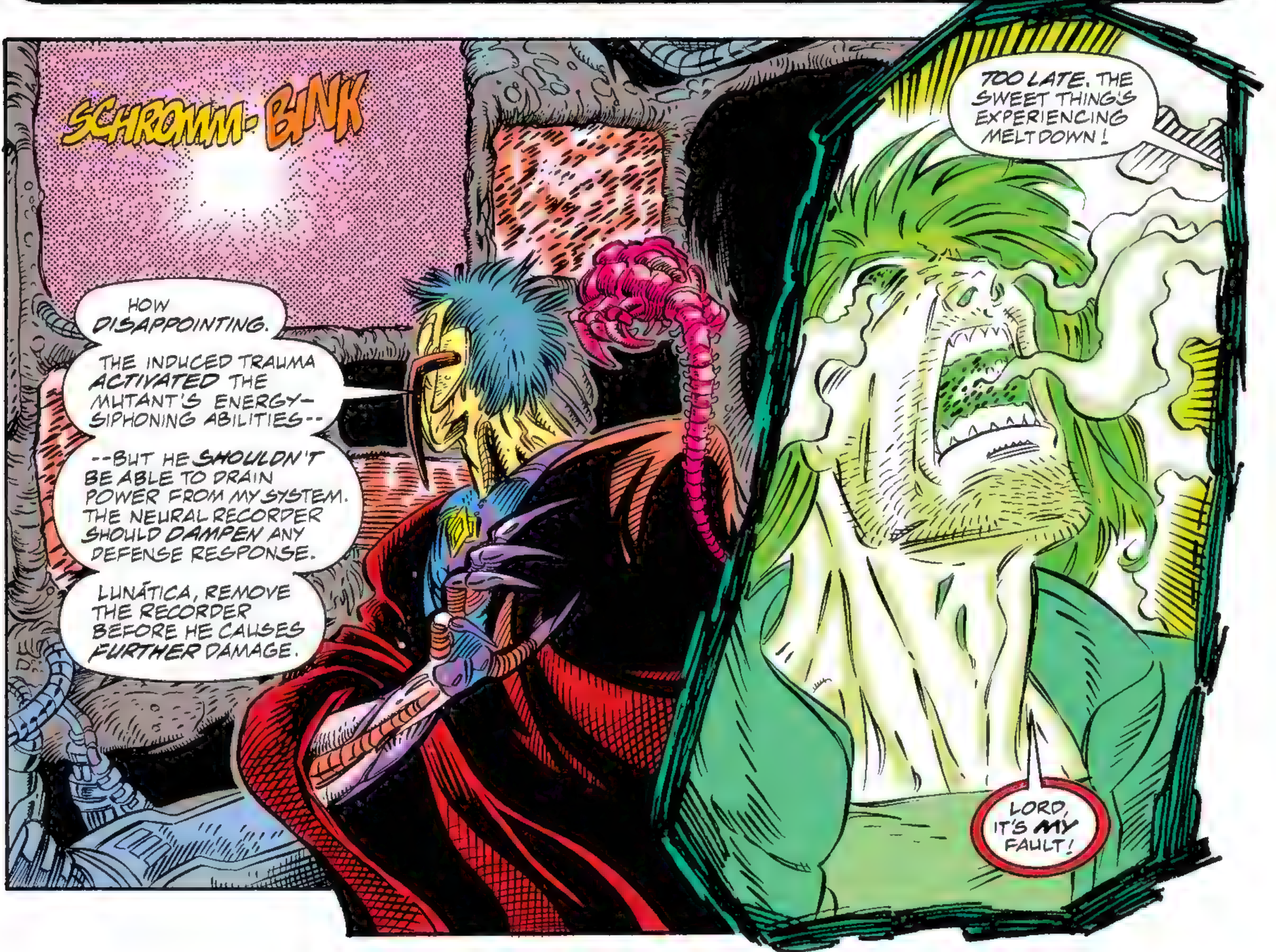
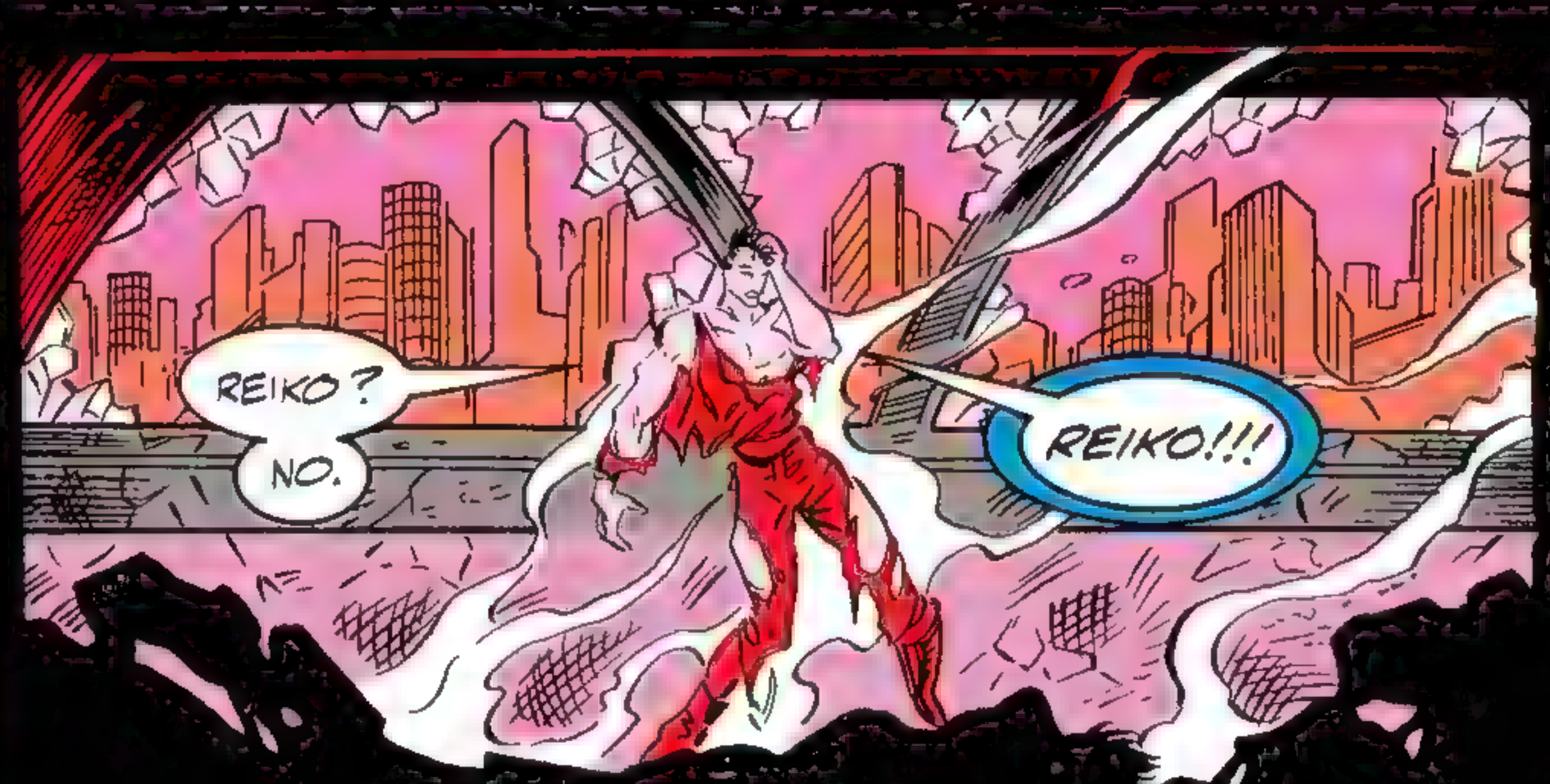
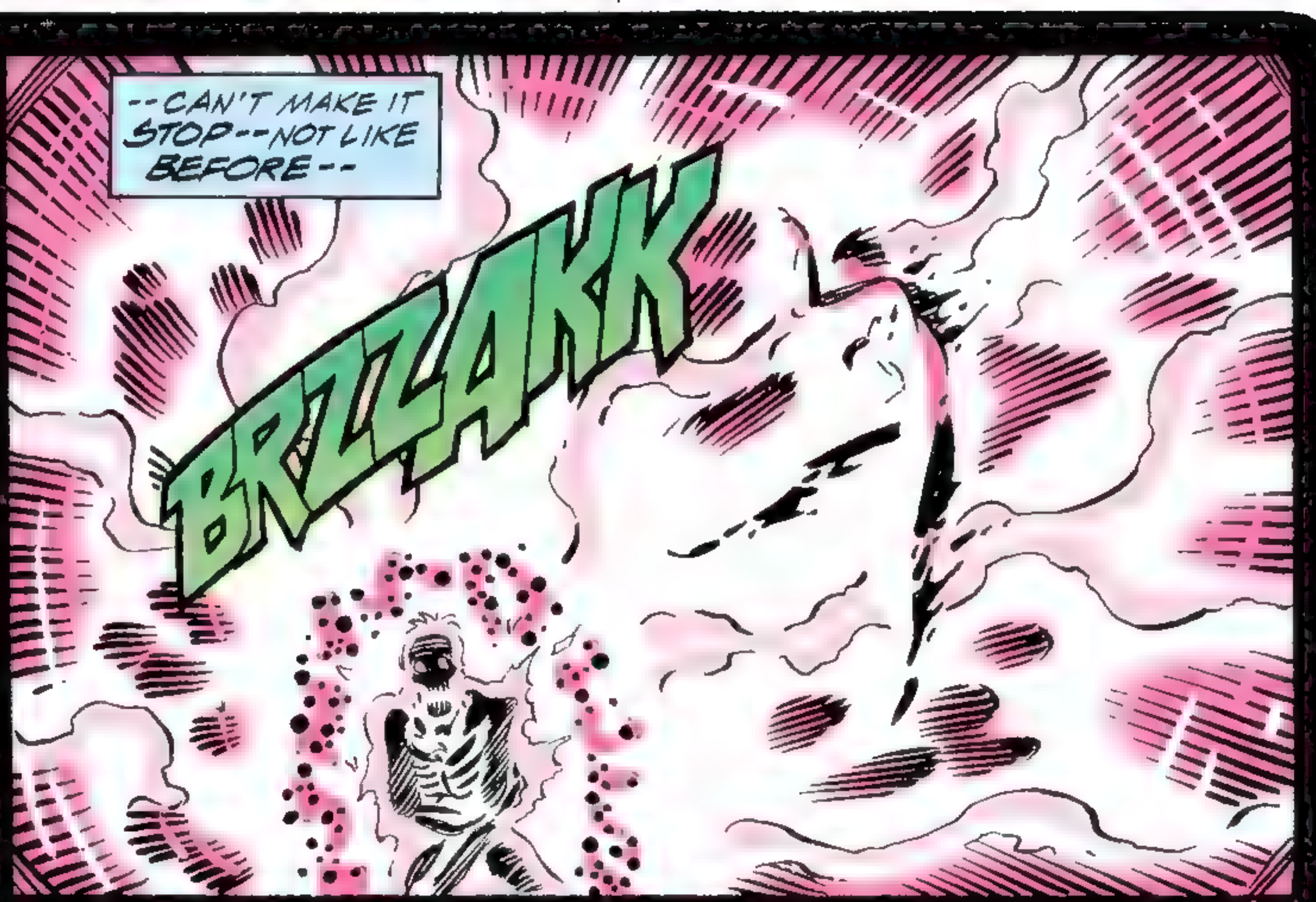
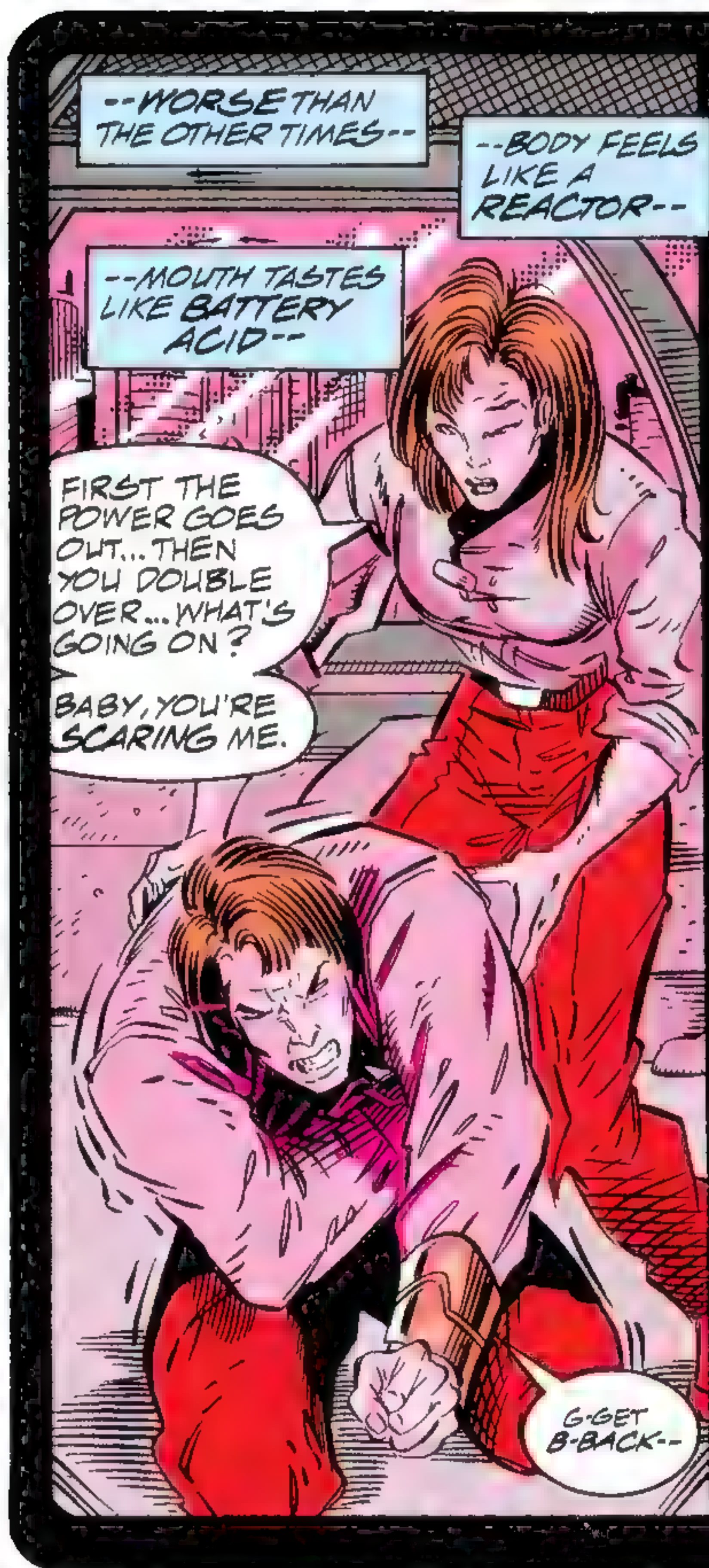
GET
AWAY FROM
ME!

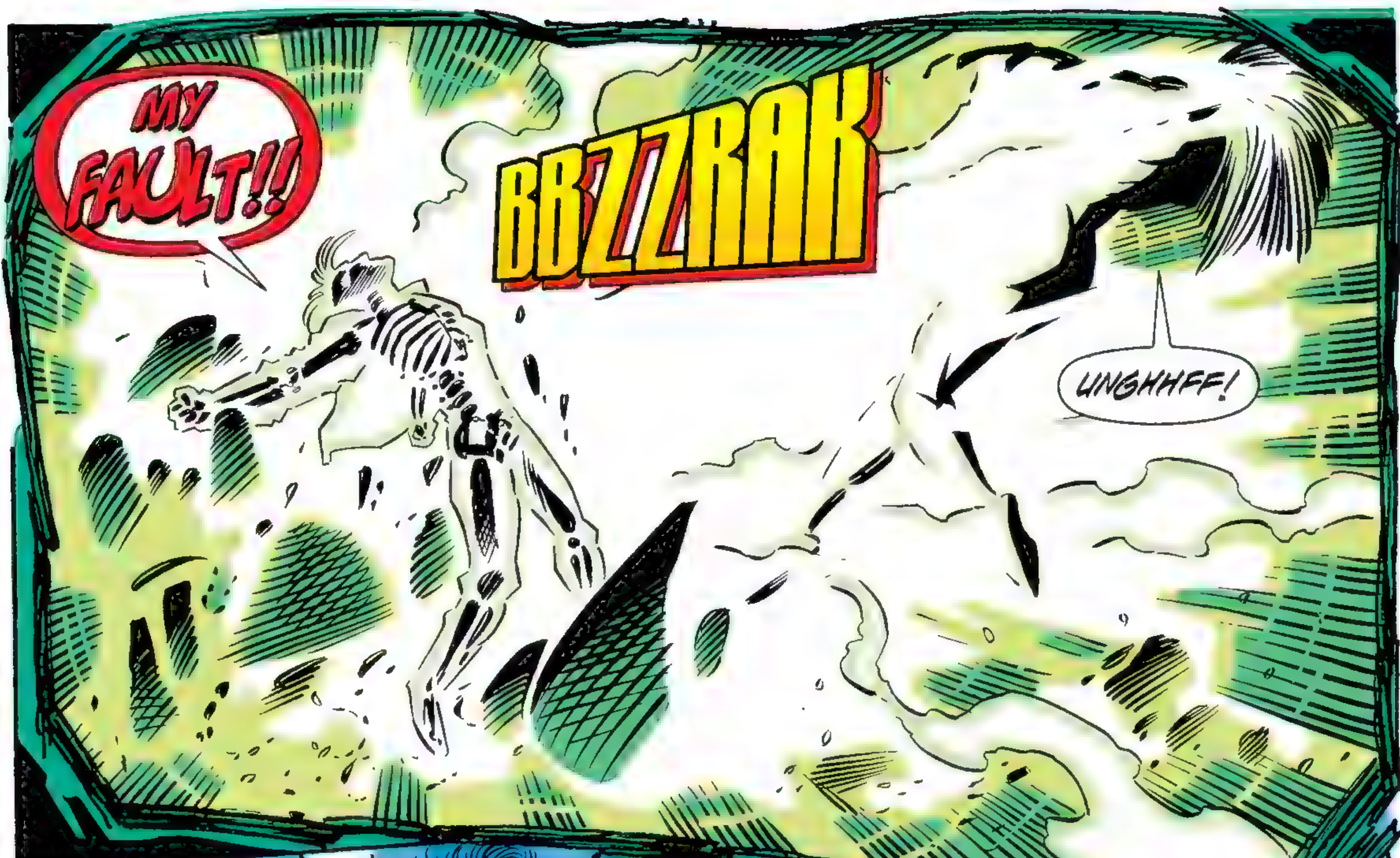


WHAT SCARS
HIDE BEHIND
THAT PRETTY
FACE?

TELL
LUNATICA
WHERE IT
HURTS.

NOOOO!

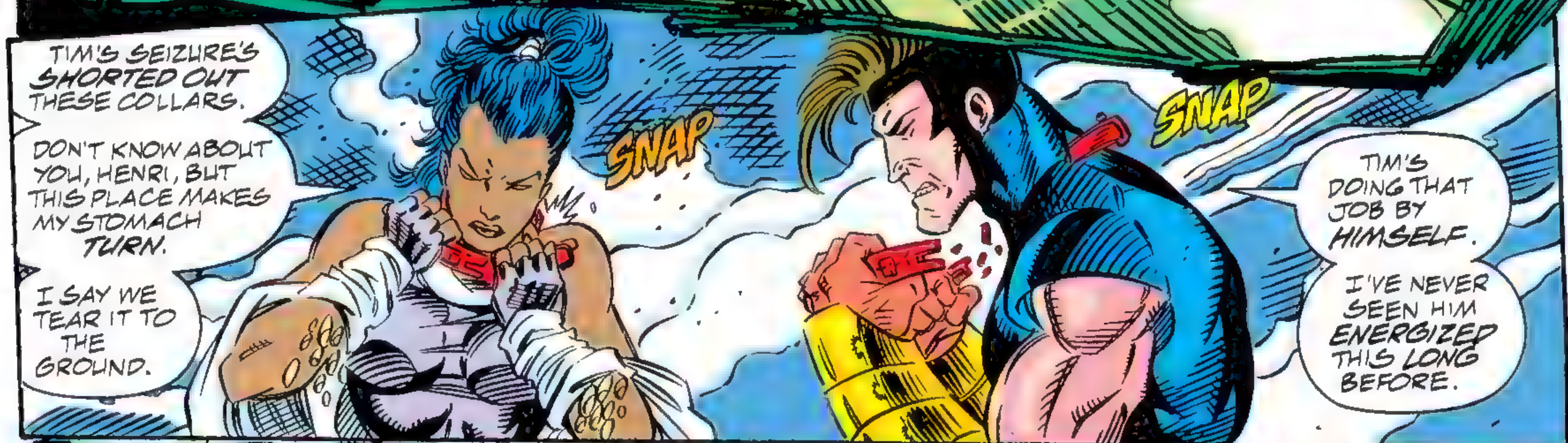




MY
FAULT!!

BBZZZRAK

UNGHHFF!



TIM'S SEIZURES
SHORTED OUT
THESE COLLARS.

DON'T KNOW ABOUT
YOU, HENRI, BUT
THIS PLACE MAKES
MY STOMACH
TURN.

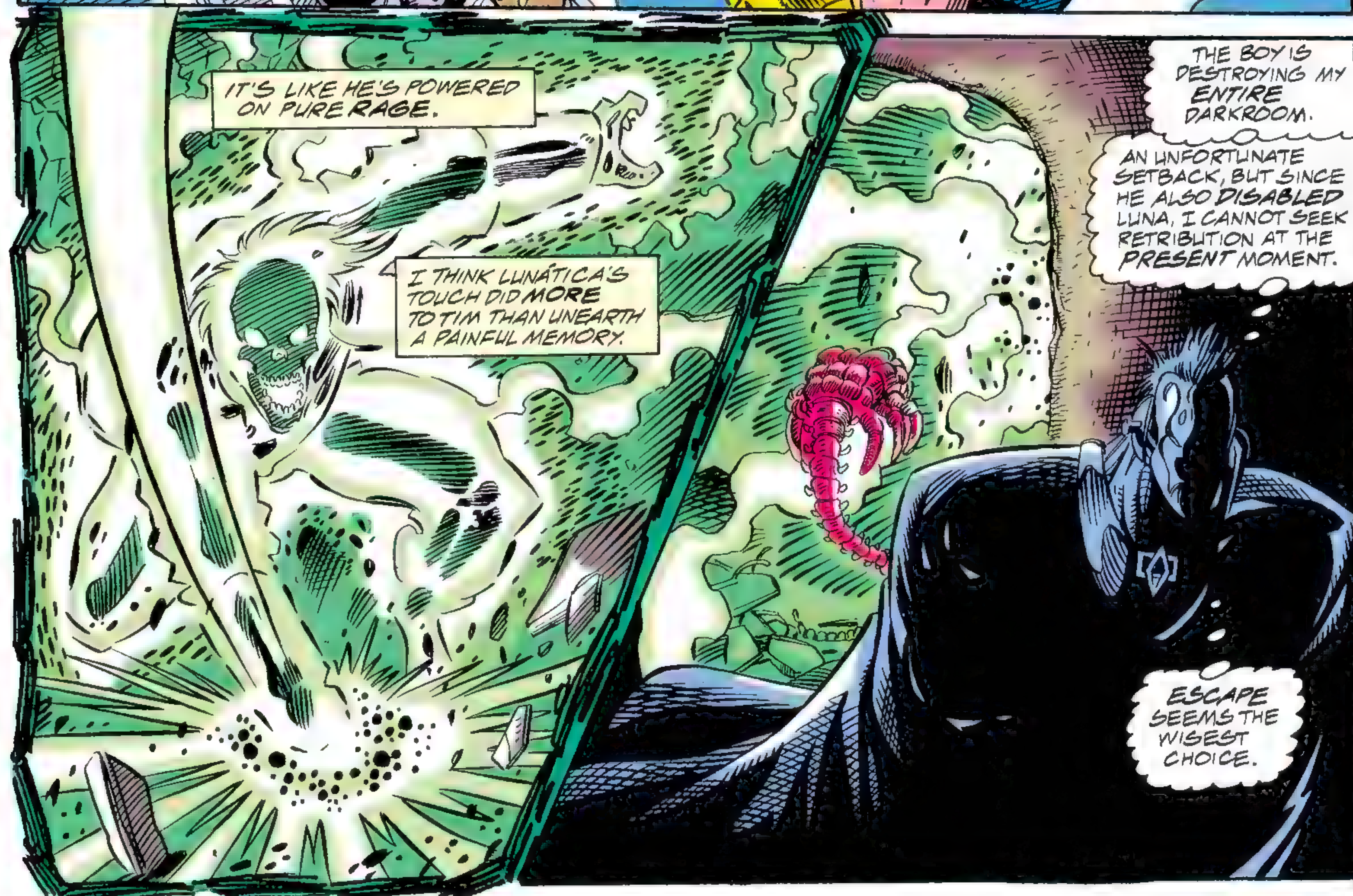
I SAY WE
TEAR IT TO
THE
GROUND.

SNAP

SNAP

TIM'S
DOING THAT
JOB BY
HIMSELF.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN HIM
ENERGIZED
THIS LONG
BEFORE.



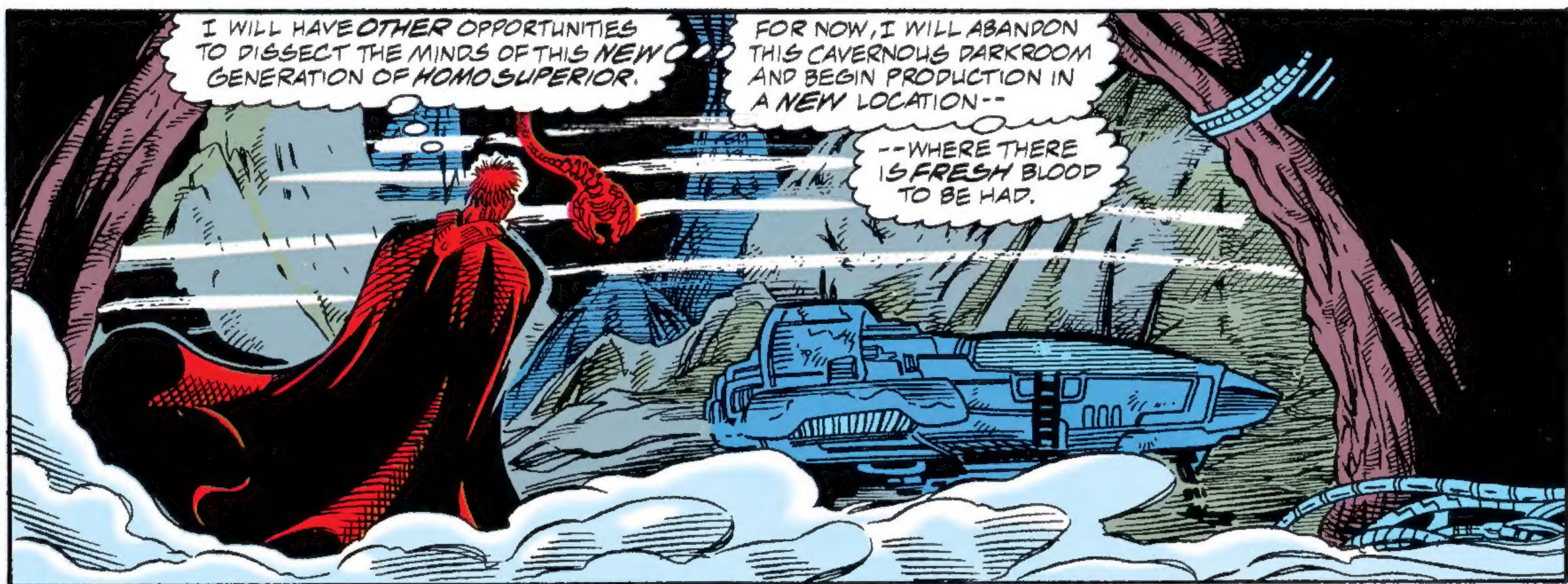
IT'S LIKE HE'S POWERED
ON PURE RAGE.

I THINK LUNATICA'S
TOUCH DID MORE
TO TIM THAN UNEARTH
A PAINFUL MEMORY.

THE BOY IS
DESTROYING MY
ENTIRE
DARKROOM.

AN UNFORTUNATE
SETBACK, BUT SINCE
HE ALSO DISABLED
LUNA, I CANNOT SEEK
RETRIBUTION AT THE
PRESENT MOMENT.

ESCAPE
SEEMS THE
WISEST
CHOICE.



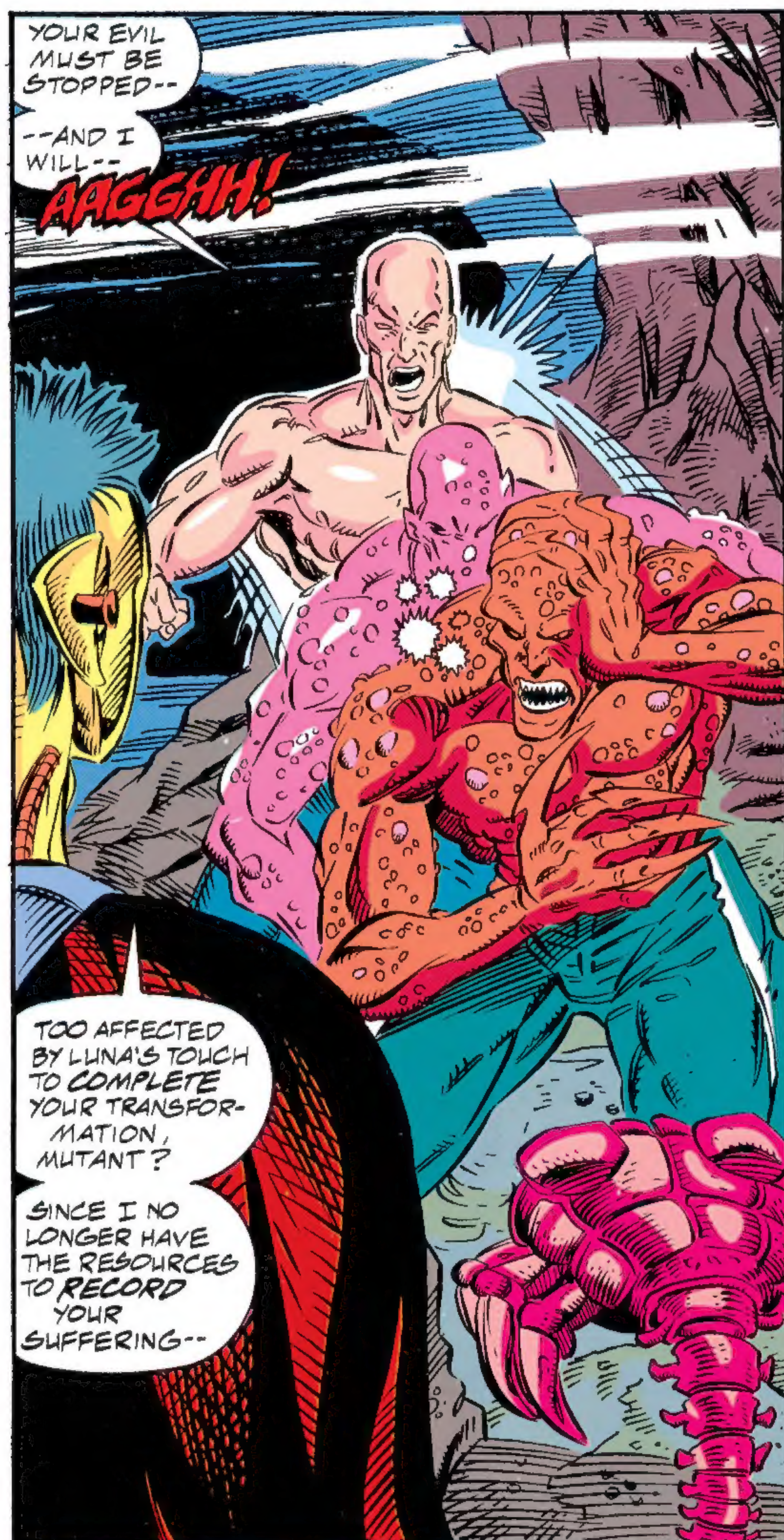
I WILL HAVE OTHER OPPORTUNITIES TO DISSECT THE MINDS OF THIS NEW GENERATION OF HOMO SUPERIOR.

FOR NOW, I WILL ABANDON THIS CAVERNOUS DARKROOM AND BEGIN PRODUCTION IN A NEW LOCATION--

--WHERE THERE IS FRESH BLOOD TO BE HAD.



I HAVE MET YOUR KIND BEFORE, CONTROLLER-THIRTEEN, WHEN I WAS A CHILD.



YOUR EVIL MUST BE STOPPED--

--AND I WILL--

AAGGHH!

TOO AFFECTED BY LUNA'S TOUCH TO COMPLETE YOUR TRANSFORMATION, MUTANT?

SINCE I NO LONGER HAVE THE RESOURCES TO RECORD YOUR SUFFERING--

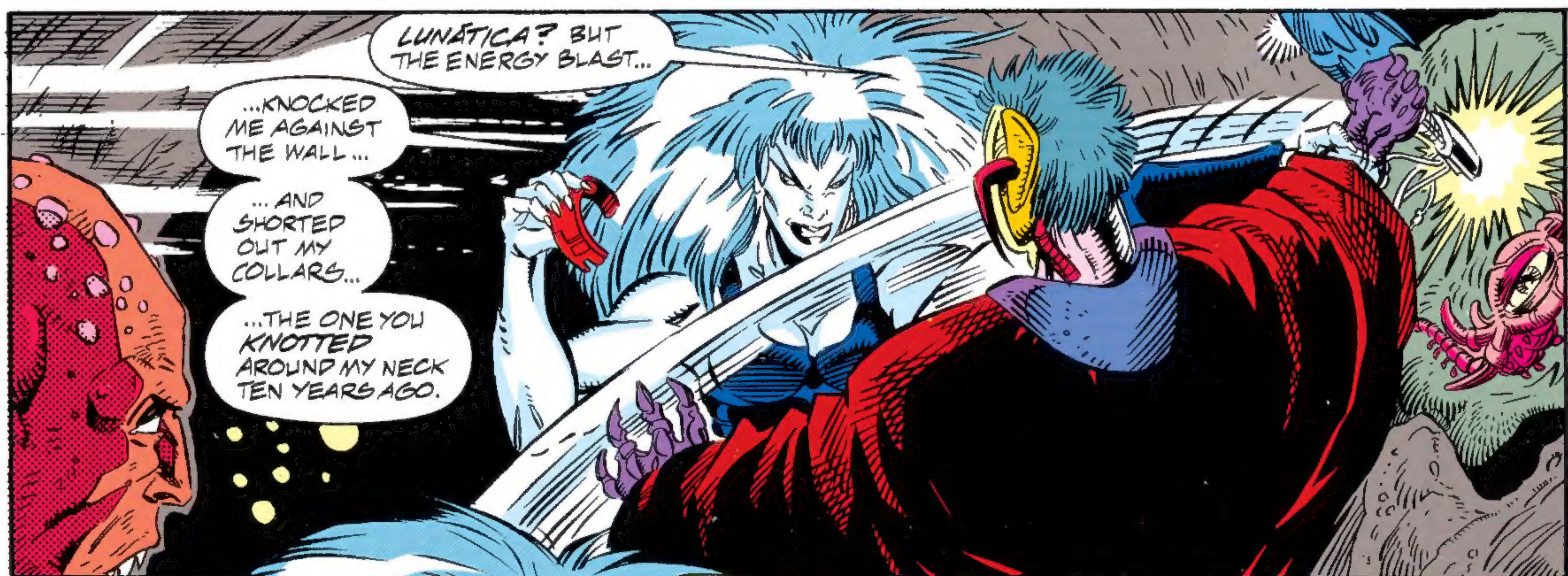


--I WILL KILL YOU AND BE ON MY WAY.

SWASH



NO.

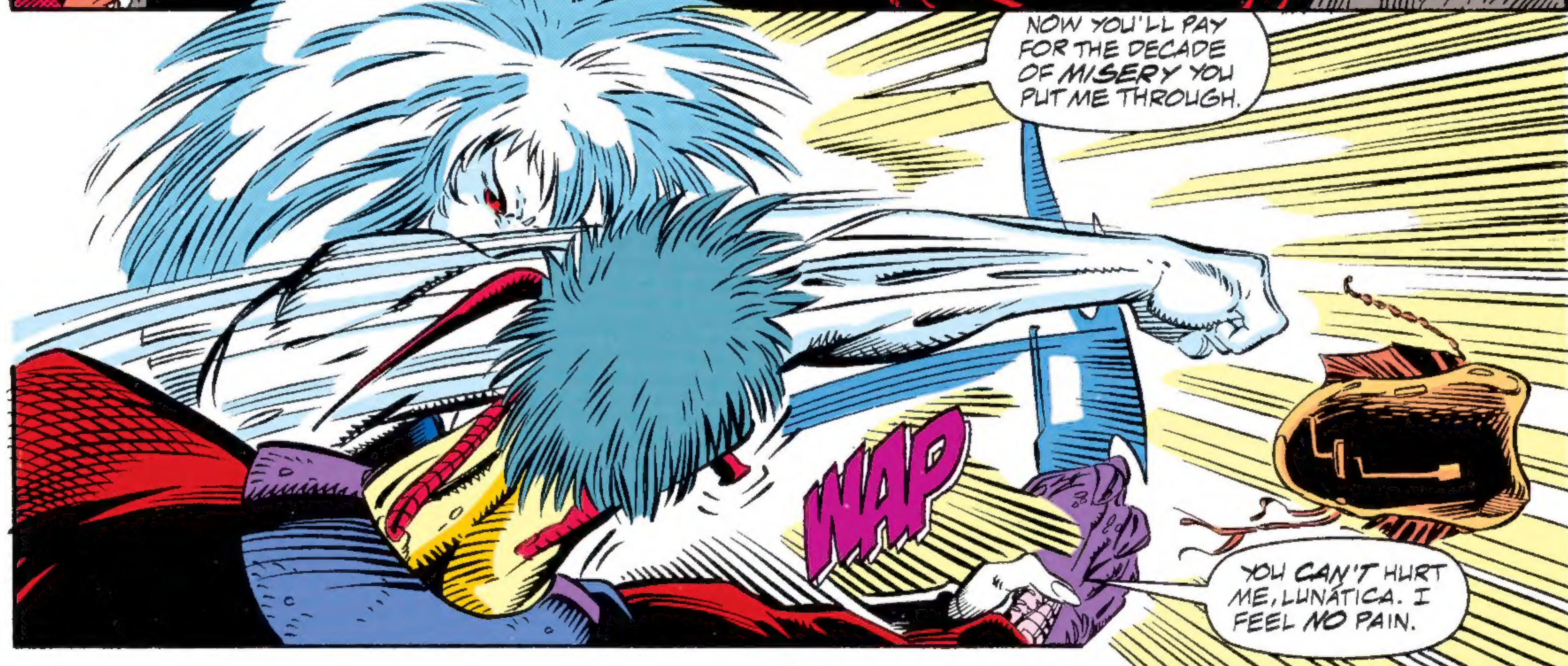


LUNATICA? BUT THE ENERGY BLAST...

...KNOCKED ME AGAINST THE WALL...

...AND SHORTED OUT MY COLLARS...

...THE ONE YOU KNOTTED AROUND MY NECK TEN YEARS AGO.

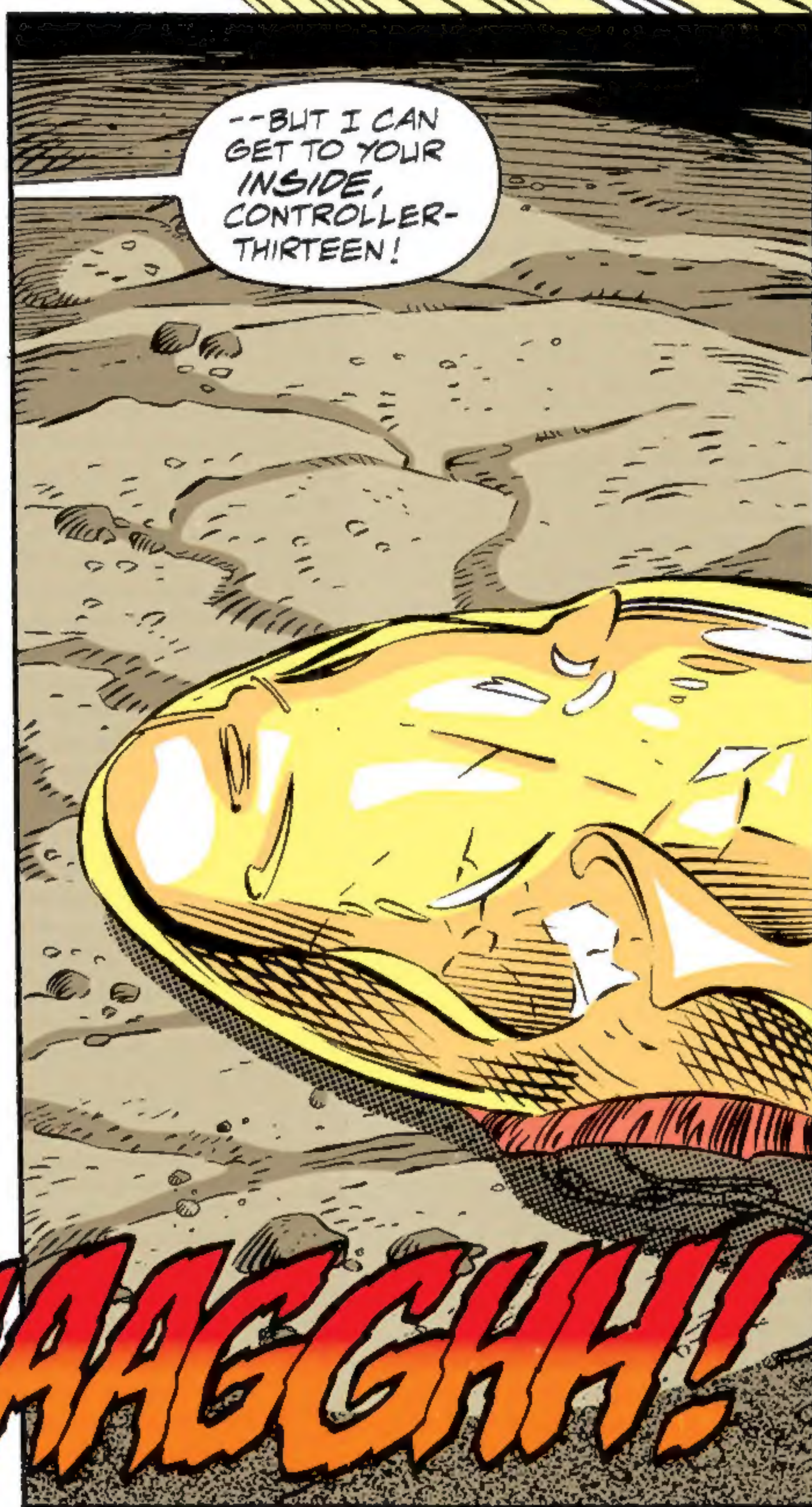


NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR THE DECADE OF MISERY YOU PUT ME THROUGH.

YOU CAN'T HURT ME, LUNATICA. I FEEL NO PAIN.



YOUR NERVES MAY BE DEAD ON THE OUTSIDE--



--BUT I CAN GET TO YOUR INSIDE, CONTROLLER-THIRTEEN!

AAAAGGHH!



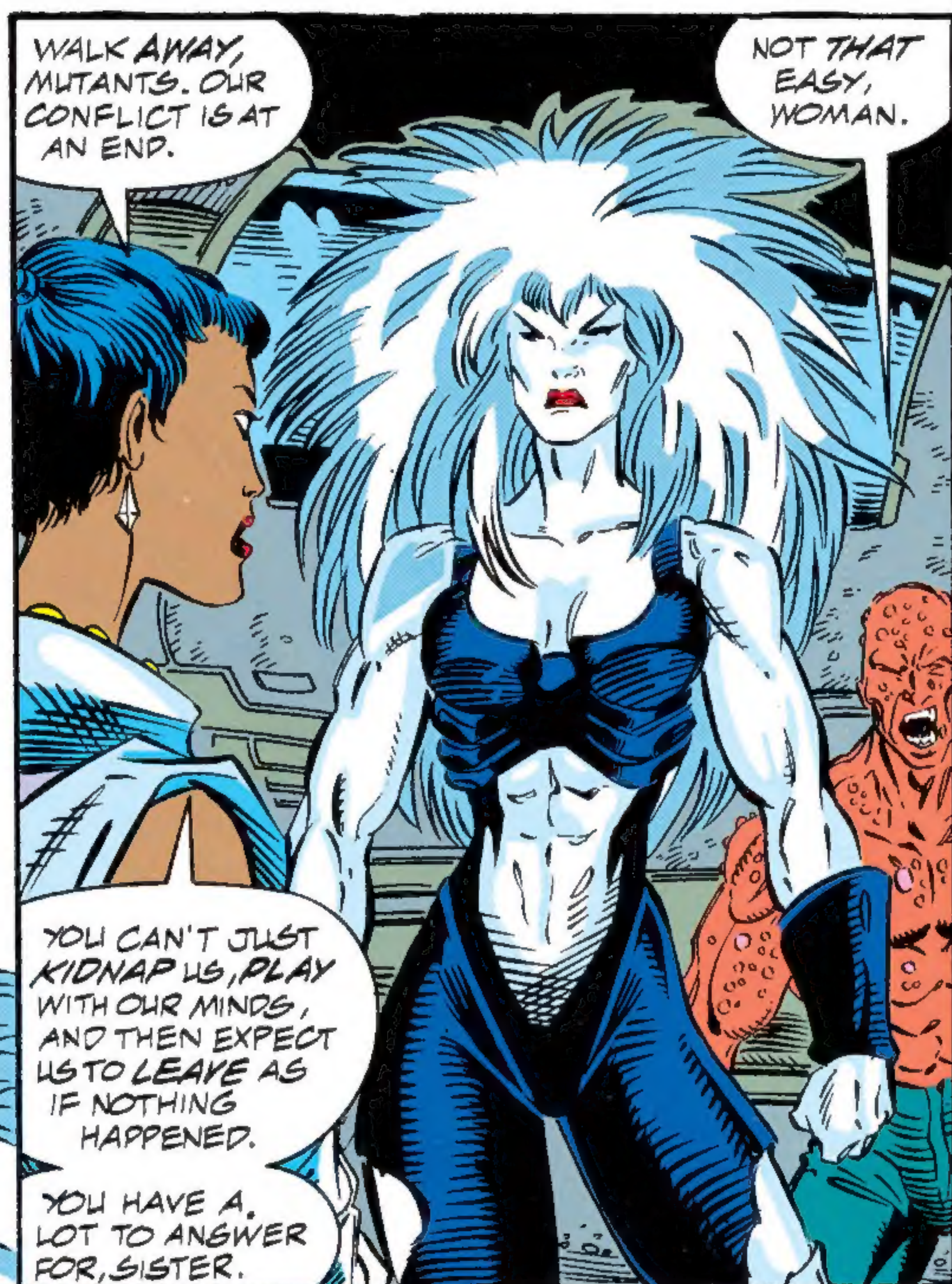
STAY BACK!
THE CONTROLLER
IS MINE.

I OWE HIM FOR MORE
ANGUISH THAN YOU
SUFFERED HERE TODAY.

YOU DON'T GET
OFF THAT EASY.
NOT AFTER WHAT
YOU DID TO ME.

CAREFUL, FITZ,
YOU'RE STILL OFF
BALANCE FROM
HER PSYCHIC
ASSAULT.

WE UNDERESTIMATED
THAT AMAZON ONCE--
LET'S NOT MAKE THAT
MISTAKE AGAIN.



WALK AWAY,
MUTANTS. OUR
CONFLICT IS AT
AN END.

NOT THAT
EASY,
WOMAN.

YOU CAN'T JUST
KIDNAP US, PLAY
WITH OUR MINDS,
AND THEN EXPECT
US TO LEAVE AS
IF NOTHING
HAPPENED.

YOU HAVE A
LOT TO ANSWER
FOR, SISTER.



I AM A PREDATOR.
I DO NOT APOLOGIZE
FOR MY ACTIONS.

FORGET ABOUT
CONTROLLER-THIRTEEN.
THERE ARE MORE
SINISTER FORCES
BEHIND THE DARKROOM.

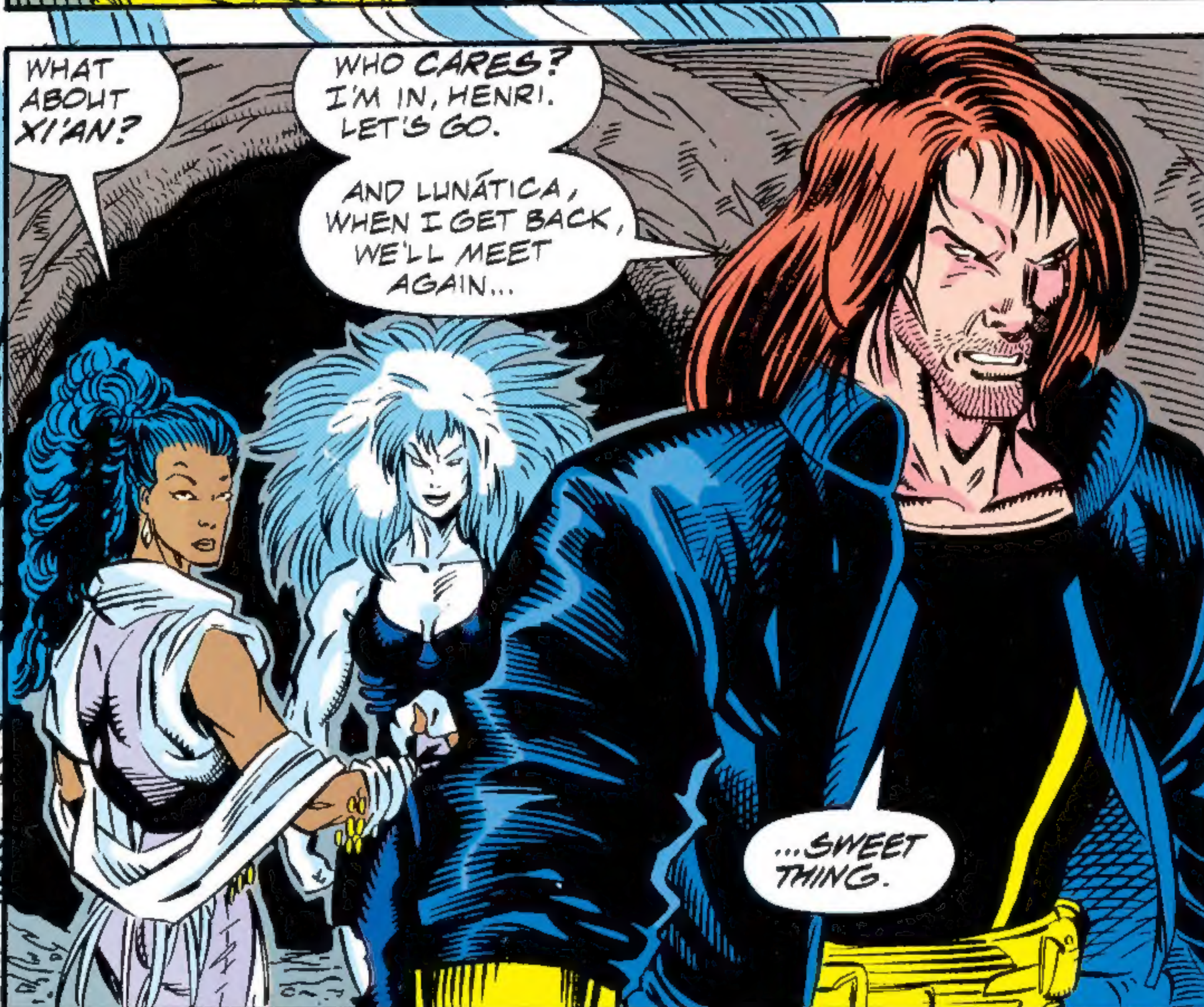
CONSIDER YOURSELF
LUCKY TO LEAVE
HERE ALIVE.



LET HER GO, KRY'S.
THERE'S NO POINT
IN FIGHTING.

BESIDES, I DON'T
THINK SHE CARES IF
WE "APPROPRIATE"
THE CONTROLLER'S
AIRCRAISER.

I'M STILL
GOING TO
NEW YORK.

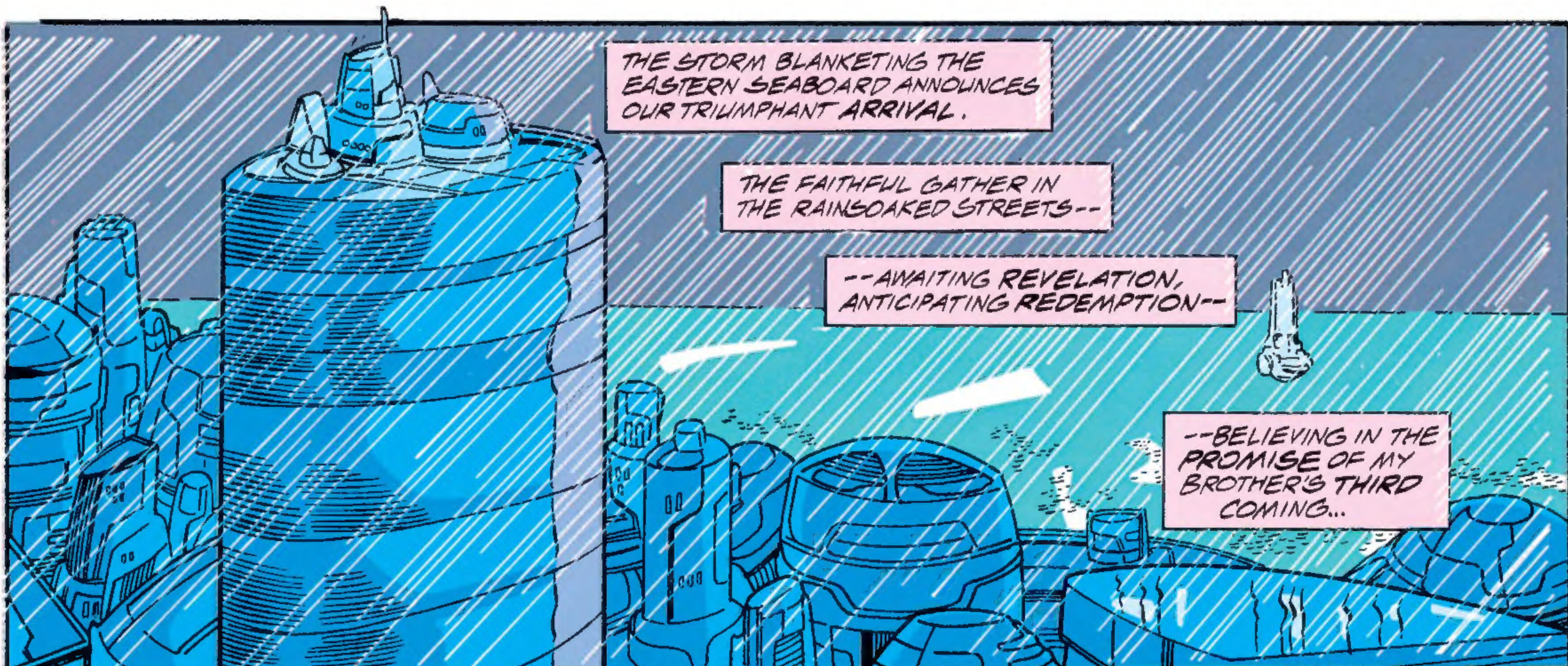


WHAT
ABOUT
X'IAN?

WHO CARES?
I'M IN, HENRI.
LET'S GO.

AND LUNATICA,
WHEN I GET BACK,
WE'LL MEET
AGAIN...

...SWEET
THING.



THE STORM BLANKETING THE
EASTERN SEABOARD ANNOUNCES
OUR TRIUMPHANT ARRIVAL.

THE FAITHFUL GATHER IN
THE RAINSOAKED STREETS--

--AWAITING REVELATION,
ANTICIPATING REDEMPTION--

--BELIEVING IN THE
PROMISE OF MY
BROTHER'S THIRD
COMING...



OH, BUT THE ALL-
FATHER'S PRODIGAL
COULD NOT RETURN
ALONE--



--NOT WITHOUT HIS
HALF-BROTHER,
THE TRICKSTER;
AT HIS SIDE--



I HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR
THIS MOMENT
FOR A VERY
LONG TIME--



WHAT A GLORIOUS
GAME THIS WILL BE.

HA HAHAHAHA!

NEXT:
SPIDER-MAN!
DOOM!
RAVAGE!
THE FALL
OF THE
HAMMER!